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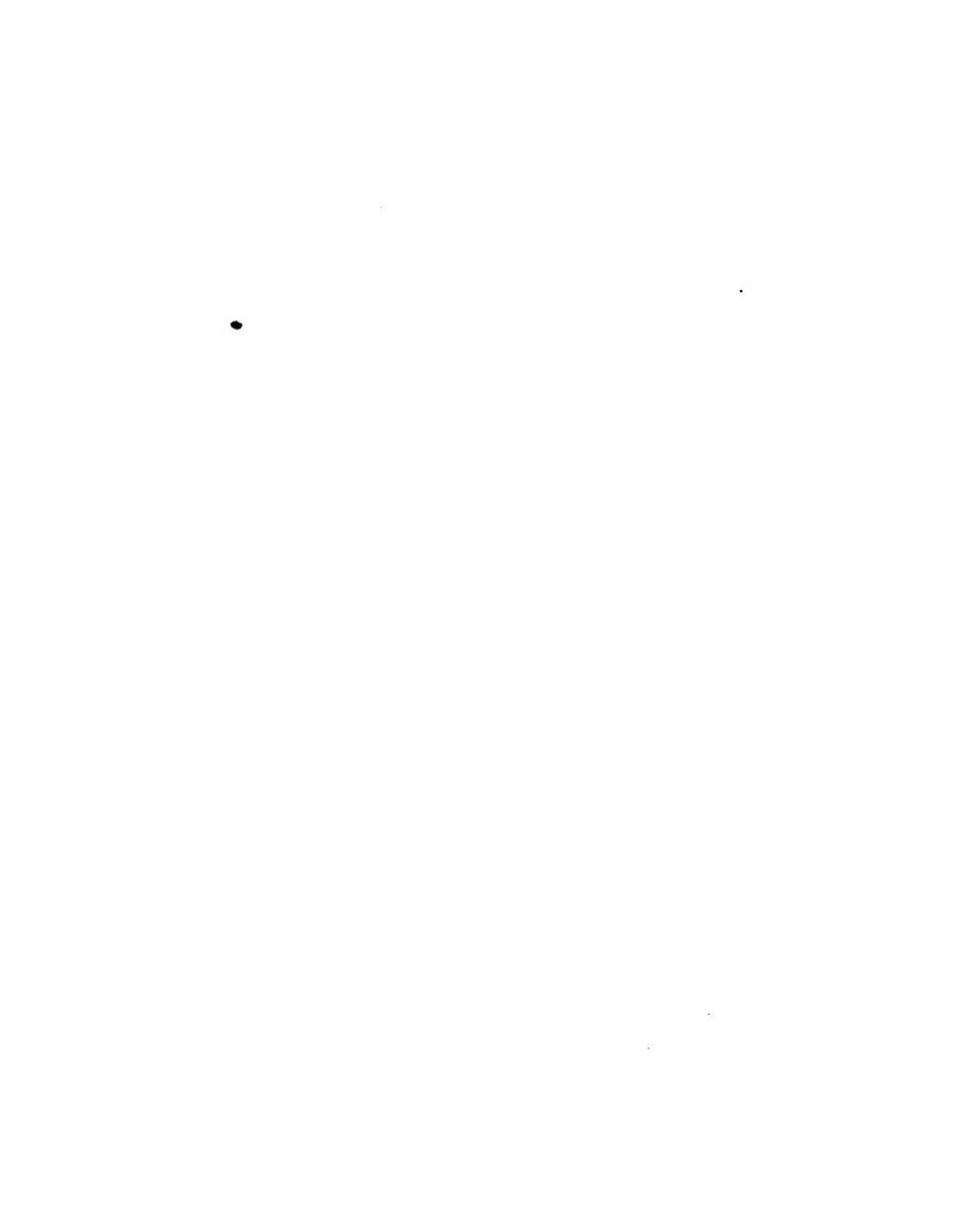
Mary Osgood

OF MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS





# **ENGLISH CLASSICS**









## APPENDIX





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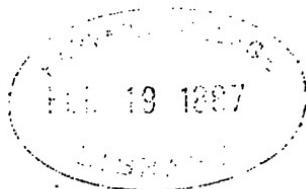
THE  
SONNETS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

EDITED BY  
EDWARD DOWDEN



C  
NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON & COMPANY  
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET  
MDCCCLXXXVII

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Mary George Fund



TO THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .  
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .  
M<sup>r</sup>. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .  
PROMISED .  
BY .  
OVR EVER-LIVING POET .  
WISHETH .  
THE WELL-WISHING .  
ADVENTVRER IN  
SETTING .  
FORTH .

T. T.



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## INTRODUCTION.

No edition of Shakspere's Sonnets,<sup>1</sup> apart from his other writings, with sufficient explanatory notes, has hitherto appeared. Notes are an evil, but in the case of the Sonnets a necessary evil, for many passages are hard to understand. I have kept beside me for several years an interleaved copy of Dyce's text, in which I set down from time to time anything that seemed to throw light on a difficult passage. From these jottings, and from the Variorum Shakspere of 1821,<sup>2</sup> my annotations have been chiefly drawn. I have had before me in preparing this volume the

<sup>1</sup> The poet's name is rightly written *Shakespeare*; rightly also *Shakspere*. If I err in choosing the form *Shakspere*, I err with the owner of the name.

<sup>2</sup> To which this general reference may suffice. I often found it convenient to alter slightly the notes of the Variorum Shakspere, and I have not made it a rule to refer each note from that edition to its individual writer.

editions of Bell, Clark and Wright, Collier, Delius, Dyce, Halliwell, Hazlitt, Knight, Palgrave, Staunton, Grant White; the translations of François-Victor Hugo, Bodenstedt, and others, and the greater portion of the extensive Shakspere Sonnets literature, English and German. It is sorrowful to consider of how small worth the contribution I make to the knowledge of these poems is, in proportion to the time and pains bestowed.

To render Shakspere's meaning clear has been my aim. I do not make his poetry an occasion for giving lessons in etymology. It would have been easy, and not useless, to have enlarged the notes with parallels from other Elizabethan writers; but they are already bulky. I have been sparing of such parallel passages, and have illustrated Shakspere chiefly from his own writings. Repeated perusals have convinced me that the Sonnets stand in the right order, and that sonnet is connected with sonnet in more instances than have been observed. My notes on each sonnet commonly begin with an attempt to point

out the little links or articulations in thought and word, which connect it with its predecessor or the group to which it belongs. I frankly warn the reader that I have pushed this kind of criticism far, perhaps too far. I have perhaps in some instances fancied points of connexion which have no real existence; some I have set down, which seem to myself conjectural. After this warning, I ask the friendly reader not to grow too soon impatient; and if, going through the text carefully, he will consider for himself the points which I have noted, I have a hope that he will in many instances see reason to agree with what I have said.

The text here presented is that of a conservative editor, opposed to conjecture, unless conjecture be a necessity, and desirous to abide by the Quarto (1609) unless strong reasons appear for a departure from it.

The portrait etched as frontispiece is a living face restored by Mr. L. Lowenstam from the celebrated death-mask found by Ludwig Becker. The artist closely follows his original. The

evidence in support of the opinion that this mask was cast from a wax-mould taken from Shakspere's face is strong enough to satisfy a good many careful investigators; not strong enough to satisfy all. The portrait, then, may be viewed as possessing a real and curious interest, while yet of doubtful authenticity.<sup>1</sup>

Sonnets by Shakspere are first mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: 'The sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'. In the following year, 1599, Sonnets cxxxviii. and cxliv. were printed in the bookeller Jaggard's surreptitious miscellany *The Passionate Pilgrim* (see Notes, p. 239 and p. 242). Both of these

<sup>1</sup> 'I must candidly say I am not able to spot a single suspicious fact in the brief history of this most curious relic'.—C. M. Ingleby, *Shakespeare the Man and the Book*, Part 1. p. 84. See on the death-mask articles by J. S. Hart in *Scribner's Monthly*, July 1874; by Dr. Schaffhausen in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* 1875; and by Lord Ronald Gower in *The Antiquary*, vol. ii., all of whom accept it as the veritable death-mask of Shakspere.

refer to a woman beloved by the writer; the second is that remarkable poem beginning

*Two loves I have of comfort and despair.*

For ten years we hear no more of the Sonnets. On May 20, 1609, 'a book called Shakespeare's Sonnettes' was entered on the Stationers' Register by Thomas Thorpe, and in the same year the Quarto edition appeared: 'Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. At London by G. Eld for T. T. [Thomas Thorpe] and to be sold by William Apsley. 1609'.<sup>1</sup> Edward Alleyn notes in that year that he bought a copy for fivepence. The Sonnets had not the popularity of Shakspere's other poems. No second edition was published until 1640 (printed 1639), when they formed part of 'Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent', a volume containing many pieces not by Shakspere. Here the Sonnets are printed with small regard to their order in the edition of 1609, in groups, with the poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* inter-

<sup>1</sup> Some copies instead of 'William Apsley' have 'Iohn Wright dwelling at Christ Churchgate'.

persed, each group bearing a fanciful title. The bookseller Benson introduced the Poems with an address to The Reader, in which he asserts that they are 'of the same purity the Authour then living avouched', and that the reader will find them 'seren, clear and elegantly plain'. The titles given to the groups carry the suggestion that the Sonnets, with few exceptions, were addressed by a lover to his lady.

This edition of 1640 was reprinted several times in the eighteenth century; the text of the quarto 1609, by Lintott 1711, in Steevens's 'Twenty Plays', 1766, and by Malone. Gildon and Sewell, editors of the first half of the century, having the 1640 text before them, assumed that the Sonnets were addressed to Shakspere's mistres. It remained for the editors and critics of the second half of the century to discover that the greater number were written for a young man. To a careful reader of the original it needed small research to ascertain that a friend is addressed in the first hundred and twenty-five sonnets, to which the poem in twelve lines,

numbered cxxvi., is an *Envoy*; while the Sonnets cxxvii.-cliv. either address a mistress, or have reference to her and to the poet's passion for her.

The student of Shakspere is drawn to the Sonnets not alone by their ardour and depth of feeling, their fertility and condensation of thought, their exquisite felicities of phrase, and their frequent beauty of rhythmical movement, but in a peculiar degree by the possibility that here, if nowhere else, the greatest of English poets may—as Wordsworth puts it—have ‘unlocked his heart’.<sup>1</sup> It were strange if his silence, deep as

<sup>2</sup> Poets differ in the interpretation of the Sonnets as widely as critics:

“With this same key

Shakespeare unlocked his heart’ once more!

Did Shakespeare? If so the less Shakespeare he!”

So, Mr. Browning; to whom replies Mr. Swinburne, ‘No whit the less like Shakespeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning.’ Some of Shelley’s feeling with reference to the Sonnets may be guessed from certain lines to be found among the ‘Studies for Epipychidion and Cancelled Passages’ (Poetical Works: ed. Forman, vol. ii. pp. 392, 393), to which my attention has been called by Mr. E. W. Goffe:—

If any should be curious to discover  
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,

that of the secrets of Nature, never once knew interruption. The moment, however, we regard the Sonnets as autobiographical, we find ourselves in the presence of doubts and difficulties, exaggerated, it is true, by many writers, yet certainly real.

If we must escape from them, the simplest mode is to assume that the Sonnets are 'the free outcome of a poetic imagination' (Delius). It is an ingenious suggestion of Delius that certain groups may be offsets from other poetical works of Shakspere; those urging a beautiful youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring may be a derivative from *Venus & Adonis*; those declaring love for a dark complexioned woman may re-

Let them read Shakspere's sonnets, taking thence  
A whetstone for their dull intelligence  
That tears and will not cut, or let them guesse  
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,  
Instructed the instructor, and why he  
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody  
On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke  
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke  
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,  
Half-hidden and yet beautiful.

handle the theme set forth in Berowne's passion for the dark Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*; those which tell of a mistress resigned to a friend may be a non-dramatic treatment of the theme of love and friendship presented in the later scenes of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Perhaps a few sonnets, as cx. cxi., refer to circumstances of Shakspere's life (Dyce); the main body of these poems may still be regarded as mere exercises of the fancy.

Such an explanation of the Sonnets has the merit of simplicity; it unties no knots but cuts all at a blow; if the collection consists of disconnected exercises of the fancy, we need not try to reconcile discrepancies, nor shape a story, nor ascertain a chronology, nor identify persons. And what indeed was a sonneteer's passion but a painted fire? What was the form of verse but an exotic curiously trained and tended, in which an artificial sentiment imported from Italy gave perfume and colour to the flower?

And yet, in this as in other forms, the poetry of the time, which possesses an enduring vitality,

was not commonly caught out of the air, but—however large the conventional element in it may have been—was born of the union of heart and imagination ; in it real feelings and real experience, submitting to the poetical fashions of the day, were raised to an ideal expression. Spenser wooed and wedded the Elizabeth of his *Amoretti*. The *Astrophel & Stella* tells of a veritable tragedy, fatal perhaps to two bright lives and passionate hearts. And what poems of Drummond do we remember as we remember those which record how he loved and lamented Mary Cunningham ?

Some students of the Sonnets who refuse to trace their origin to real incidents of Shakspere's life, allow that they form a connected poem, or at most two connected poems, and these, they assure us, are of deeper significance than any mere poetical exercises can be. They form a stupendous allegory ; they express a profound philosophy. The young friend whom Shakspere addresses is in truth the poet's Ideal Self, or Ideal Manhood, or the Spirit of Beauty, or the

Reason, or the Divine Logos ; his dark mistress, whom a prosaic German translator (Jordan) takes for a mulatto or quadroon, is indeed Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, black but comely. Let us not smile too soon at the pranks of Puck among the critics ; it is more prudent to move apart and feel gently whether that sleek nole with fair large ears, may not have been slipped upon our own shoulders.

When we question saner critics why Shakspere's Sonnets may not be at once *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, poetry and truth, their answer amounts to this : Is it likely that Shakspere would so have rendered extravagant homage to a boy patron ? Is it likely that one, who so deeply felt the moral order of the world, would have yielded, as the poems to his dark lady acknowledge, to a vulgar temptation of the senses ? or yielding, would have told his shame in verse ? Objections are brought forward against identifying the youth of the Sonnets with Southampton or with Pembroke ; it is pointed out that the writer speaks of himself as old, and *that* in a

sonnet published in Shakspere's thirty-fifth year ; here evidently he cannot have spoken in his own person, and if not here, why elsewhere ? Finally, it is asserted that the poems lack internal harmony ; no real person can be, what Shakspere's friend is described as being—true and false, constant and fickle, virtuous and vicious, of hopeful expectation and publicly blamed for careless living.

Shakspere speaks of himself as old ; true, but in the sonnet published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (cxxxviii.), he speaks as a lover, contrasting himself skilled in the lore of life with an inexperienced youth ; doubtless at thirty-five he was not a Florizel nor a Ferdinand. In the poems to his friend, Shakspere is addressing a young man perhaps of twenty years, in the fresh bloom of beauty ; he celebrates with delight the floral grace of youth, to which the first touch of time will be a taint ; those lines of thought and care, which his own mirror shows, bear witness to time's ravage. It is as a poet that Shakspere writes, and his statistics are those not of arithmetic but of poetry.

That he should have given admiration and love without measure to a youth highborn, brilliant, accomplished, who singled out the player for peculiar favour, will seem wonderful only to those who keep a constant guard upon their affections, and to those who have no need to keep a guard at all. In the Renascence epoch among natural products of a time when life ran swift and free, touching with its current high and difficult places, the ardent friendship of man with man was one. To elevate it above mere personal regard a kind of Neo-Platonism was at hand, which represented Beauty and Love incarnated in a human creature as earthly vice-gerents of the Divinity. ‘It was then not uncommon’, observes the sober Dyce, ‘for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them amatory’. Montaigne, not prone to take up extreme positions, writes of his dead Estienne de la Boëtie with passionate tenderness which will not hear of moderation. The haughtiest spirit of Italy, Michael Angelo, does homage to

the worth and beauty of young Tommaso Cavalieri in such words as these:

*Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain;  
E'en as you will I blush and blanch again,  
Freeze in the sun, barn 'neath a frosty sky,  
Your will includes and is the lord of mine.*

The learned Languet writes to young Philip Sidney: 'Your portrait I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight'. And Sidney to his guardian friend: 'The chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place'. 'Some', said Jeremy Taylor, 'live under the line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular'. 'Some have only a dark day and a long night from him [the Sun], snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of Catarrhes and Consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatick spices, rich wines and well

digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye and look in his face and are the Courtiers of the Sun, and wait upon him in his Chambers of the East; just so it is in friendship'. Was Shakspere less a courier of the sun than Languet or Michael Angelo?

If we accept the obvious reading of the Sonnets, we must believe that Shakspere at some time of his life was snared by a woman, the reverse of beautiful according to the conventional Elizabethan standard—dark-haired, dark-eyed, pale-cheeked (cxxxii.); skilled in touching the virginal (cxxxviii.); skilled also in playing on the heart of man; who could attract and repel, irritate and soothe, join reproach with carefs (cxlv.); a woman faithles to her vow in wedlock (clii.). Through her no calm of joy came to him; his life ran quicker but more troubled through her spell, and she mingled strange bitterness with its waters. Mistrefs of herself and of her art, she turned when it pleased her from the player to capture a more distinguisched prize, his friend. For a while Shakspere was kept in the

torture of doubt and suspicion; then confession and tears were offered by the youth. The wound had gone deep into Shakspere's heart:—

*Love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.*

But, delivering himself from the intemperance of wrath, he could forgive a young man beguiled and led astray. Through further difficulties and estrangements their friendship travelled on to a fortunate repose. The series of Sonnets, which is its record, climbs to a high sunlit resting-place. The other series, which records his passion for a dark temptress, is a whirl of moral chaos. Whether to dismiss him, or to draw him farther on, the woman had urged upon him the claims of conscience and duty; in the latest sonnets—if this series be arranged in chronological order—Shakspere's passion, grown bitter and scornful (CL<sup>I</sup>, CL<sup>II</sup>), strives, once for all, to defy and wrestle down his better will.

Shakspere of the Sonnets is not the Shakspere serenely victorious, infinitely charitable, wise with

all wisdom of the intellect and the heart, whom we know through *The Tempest* and *King Henry VIII*. He is the Shakspere of *Venus & Adonis* and *Romeo & Juliet*, on his way to acquire some of the dark experience of *Measure for Measure*, and the bitter learning of *Troilus & Cressida*. Shakspere's writings assure us that in the main his eye was fixed on the true ends of life; but they do not lead us to believe that he was inaccessible to temptations of the senses, the heart, and the imagination. We can only guess the frailty that accompanied such strength, the risks that attended such high powers; immense demands on life, vast ardours, and then the void hour, the deep dejection. There appears to have been a time in his life when the springs of faith and hope had almost ceased to flow; and he recovered these not by flying from reality and life, but by driving his shafts deeper towards the centre of things. So Ulysses was transformed into Prospero, worldly wisdom into spiritual insight. Such ideal purity as Milton's was not possessed nor sought by Shakspere; among these

Sonnets, one or two might be spoken by Mercutio, when his wit of cheveril was stretched to an ell broad. To compensate—Shakspere knew men and women a good deal better than did Milton, and probably no patches of his life are quite as unprofitably ugly as some which disfigured the life of the great idealist. His daughter could love and honour Shakspere's memory. Lamentable it is, if he was taken in the toils, but at least we know that he escaped all toils before the end. May we dare to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from 'Phœbus' amorous pinches', a 'lass unparalleled', has some kinship through the imagination with our dark lady of the virginal? 'Would I had never seen her', sighs out Antony, and the shrewd onlooker Enobarbus replies, 'O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel'.

Shakspere did not, 'in Byron's manner, invite the world to gaze upon his trespass and his griefs. Setting aside two pieces printed by a

pirate in 1599, not one of these poems, as far as we know, saw the light until long after they were written, according to the most probable chronology, and when in 1609 the volume entitled ‘Shake-speares Sonnets’ was issued, it had, there is reason to believe, neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author.<sup>1</sup> Yet their literary merits entitled these poems to publication, and Shakspere’s verse was popular. If they were written on fanciful themes, why were the Sonnets held so long in reserve? If, on the other hand, they were connected with real persons, and painful incidents, it was natural that they should not pass beyond the private friends of their possessor.

But the Sonnets of Shakspere, it is said, lack inward unity. Some might well be addressed to Queen Elizabeth, some to Anne Hathaway, some to his boy Hamnet, some to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton; it is impossible to make all these poems (I.-CXXVI.) apply

<sup>1</sup> The Quarto of 1609, though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than *Venus & Adonis*. See note on CXXVI.

to a single person. Difficulties of this kind may perplex a painful commentator, but would hardly occur to a lover or a friend living ‘where the beams of friendship are imminent’. The youth addressed by Shakspere is ‘the master-mistress of his passion’ (xx.) ; summing up the perfections of man and woman, of Helen and Adonis (lxxii.) ; a liege, and yet through love a comrade ; in years a boy, cherished as a son might be ; in will a man, with all the power which rank and beauty give. Love, aching with its own monotony, invites imagination to invest it in changeful forms. Besides, the varying feelings of at least three years (civ.)—three years of loss and gain, of love, wrong, wrath, sorrow, repentance, forgiveness, perfected union—are uttered in the Sonnets. When Shakspere began to write, his friend had the untried innocence of boyhood and an unspotted fame ; afterwards came the offence and the dishonour. And the loving heart practised upon itself the piteous frauds of wounded affection : now it can credit no evil of the beloved, now it must believe the worst.

While the world knows nothing but praise of one so dear, a private injury goes deep into the soul; when the world assails his reputation, straightway loyalty revives, and even puts a strain upon itself to hide each imperfection from view.

A painstaking student of the Sonnets, Henry Brown, was of opinion that Shakspere intended in these poems to satirize the sonnet-writers of his time, and in particular his contemporaries, Drayton and John Davies of Hereford. Professor Minto, while accepting the series I.-CXXVI. as of serious import, regards the sonnets addressed to a woman, CXXVII.-CLII. as 'exercises of skill undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace'. Certainly if Shakspere is a satirist in I.-CXXVI., his irony is deep; the malicious smile was not noticed during two centuries and a half. The poems are in the taste of the time; less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collections, more distinguished by exquisite imagination, and all that betokens genuine feeling;

they are, as far as manner goes, such sonnets as Daniel might have chosen to write if he had had the imagination and the heart of Shakspere. All that is quaint or contorted or ‘conceited’ in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakspere, such as *Romeo & Juliet*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable. In the Sonnets CXXVII.-CLIV. Shakspere addresses a woman to whom it is impossible to pay the conventional homage of sonneteers; he cannot tell her that her cheeks are lilies and roses, her breast is of snow, her heart is chaste and cold as ice. Yet he loves her, and will give her tribute of verse. He praises her precisely as a woman who without beauty is clever and charming, and a coquette, would choose to be praised. True, she owns no commonplace attractions; she is no pink and white goddess; all her imperfections he sees; yet she can fascinate by some nameless spell; she can turn the heart hot or cold; if she is not beautiful, it is because something more rare and fine takes the place of beauty. She

angers her lover; he declares to her face that she is odious, and at the same moment he is at her feet.

A writer whose distinction it is to have produced the largest book upon the Sonnets, Mr. Gerald Massey, holds that he has rescued Shakspere's memory from shame by the discovery of a secret history legible in these poems to rightly illuminated eyes.<sup>1</sup> In 1592, according to this theory, Shakspere began to address pieces in sonnet-form to his patron Southampton. Presently the Earl engaged the poet to write love sonnets on his behalf to Elizabeth Vernon; assuming also the feelings of Elizabeth Vernon, Shakspere wrote dramatic sonnets, as if in her person, to the Earl. The table-book containing Shakspere's autograph sonnets was given by Southampton to Pembroke, and at Pembroke's request was written the dark-woman series; for Pembroke, although authentic history knows nothing of the facts, was enamoured of Sidney's Stella, now well advanced in years, the unhappy

<sup>1</sup> The first hint of this theory was given by Mrs. Jameson.

Lady Rich. A few of the sonnets which pass for Shakspere's are really by Herbert, and he, the ‘Mr. W. H.’ of Thorpe’s dedication, is the ‘only begetter’, that is, procurer of these pieces for the publisher. The Sonnets require rearrangement, and are grouped in an order of his own by Mr. Maffey.

Mr. Maffey writes with zeal; with a faith in his own opinions which finds scepticism hard to explain except on some theory of intellectual or moral obliquity; and he exhibits a wide, miscellaneous reading. The one thing Mr. Maffey’s elaborate theory seems to me to lack is some evidence in its support. His arguments may well remain unanswered. One hardly knows how to tug at the other end of a rope of sand.

With Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Swinburne, with François-Victor Hugo, with Kreyßig, Ulrici, Gervinus, and Hermann Isaac,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A learned and thoughtful student of the sonnets, to whom I am indebted for some valuable notes. See his articles in *Archiv für das Studium der Neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, 1878-79.

with Boaden, Armitage Brown, and Hallam, with Furnivall, Spalding, Rossetti, and Palgrave, I believe that Shakspere's Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person. To whom they were addressed is unknown. We shall never discover the name of that woman who for a season could found, as no one else, the instrument in Shakspere's heart from the lowest note to the top of the compass. To the eyes of no diver among the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam. Already when Thorpe dedicated these poems to their 'only begetter', she perhaps was lost in the quick-moving life of London, to all but a few in whose memory were stirred as by a forlorn, small wind, the grey ashes of a fire gone out. As to the name of Shakspere's youthful friend and patron, we conjecture on slender evidence at the best. Setting claimants aside on whose behalf the evidence is absolutely none, except that their Christian name and surname begin with a W and an H, two remain whose pretensions have been supported by accomplished advocates. Drake

(1817), a learned and refined writer, was the first to suggest that the friend addressed in Shakspere's Sonnets was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus & Adonis* was dedicated in 1593, and in the following year *Lucrece*, in words of strong devotion resembling those of the twenty-sixth Sonnet.<sup>1</sup> B. Heywood Bright (1819), and James Boaden (1832), independently arrived at the conclusion that the Mr. W. H. of the dedication, the 'begetter' or inspirer of the Sonnets, was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom with his brother, as two well-known patrons of the great dramatist, his fellows Heminge and Condell dedicated the First Folio. Wriothesley was born in 1573, nine years after Shakspere; Herbert in 1580. Wriothesley at an early age became the lover of Elizabeth Vernon, needing therefore no entreaties to marry (I.-XVII.); he was not beautiful; he

<sup>1</sup> Drake did not, as is sometimes stated, suppose that Mr. W. H. was Southampton. He took 'begetter' to mean *obtainer*; and left Mr. W. H. unidentified. Others hold that 'W. H.' are the initials of Southampton's names reversed as a blind to the public.

bore no resemblance to his mother (iii. 9); his life was active, with varying fortunes, to which allusions might be looked for in the Sonnets, such as may be found in the verses of his other poet, Daniel. Further, it appears from the punning Sonnets (cxxxv. and cxlvi., see Notes), that the Christian name of Shakspere's friend was the same as his own, *Will*, but Wriothesley's name was Henry. To Herbert the punning Sonnets and the 'Mr. W. H.' of the dedication can be made to apply. He was indeed a nobleman in 1609, but a nobleman might be styled *Mr.*; 'Lord Buckhurst is entered as *M.* Sackville in 'England's Parnassus' (Minto); or the *Mr.* may have been meant to disguise the truth. Herbert was beautiful; was like his illustrious mother; was brilliant, accomplished, licentious; 'the most universally beloved and esteemed', says Clarendon, 'of any man of his age'. Like Southampton he was a patron of poets, and he loved the theatre. In 1599 attempts were unsuccessfully made to induce him to become a suitor for the hand of the Lord Admiral's

daughter. So far the balance leans towards Herbert. But his father lived until 1601 (see XIII. and Notes); Southampton's father died while his son was a boy; and the date of Herbert's birth (1580), taken in connection with Meres's mention of Sonnets, and the 'Two loves' of the *Passionate Pilgrim* Sonnet (1599), CXLIV., may well cause a doubt.

A clue, which promises to lead us to clearness, and then deceives us into deeper twilight, is the characterisation (LXXXVIII.-LXXXVI.) of a rival poet who for a time supplanted Shakspere in his patron's regard. This rival, the 'better spirit' of LXXX., was learned (LXXXVIII.); dedicated a book to Shakspere's patron (LXXXII. and Notes); celebrated his beauty and knowledge (LXXXII.); in 'hymns' (LXXXV.); was remarkable for 'the full proud sail of his great verse' (LXXXVI., LXXX.); was taught 'by spirits' to write 'above a mortal pitch', was nightly visited by 'an affable familiar ghost' who 'gulled him with intelligence' (LXXXVI.). Here are allusions and characteristics which ought to lead to identifica-

tion. Yet in the end we are forced to confess that the poet remains as dim a figure as the patron.

Is it Spenser? He was learned, but what ghost was that which gulled him? Is it Marlowe? His verse was proud and full, and the creator of Faustus may well have had dealings with his own Mephistophelis, but Marlowe died in May 1593, the year of *Venus & Adonis*. Is it Drayton, or Nash, or John Davies of Hereford? Persons in search of an ingeniously improbable opinion may choose any one of these. Is it Daniel? Daniel's reputation stood high; he was regarded as a master by Shakspere in his early poems; he was brought up at Wilton, the seat of the Pembroke family, and in 1601 he inscribed his *Defence of Ryme* to William Herbert; the Pembroke family favoured astrologers, and the ghost that gulled Daniel may have been the same that gulled Allen, Sandford, and Dr. Dee, and through them gulled Herbert. Here is at least a clever guess, and Boaden is again the guesser. But Professor Minto makes a guess

even more fortunate. No Elizabethan poet wrote ampler verse, none scorned 'ignorance' more, or more haughtily asserted his learning than Chapman. In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), Homer as a spirit visits and inspires him; the claim to such inspiration may have been often made by the translator of Homer in earlier years. Chapman was pre-eminently the poet of Night. 'The Shadow of Night', with the motto *Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis*, appeared in 1594; the title-page describes it as containing 'two poeticall Hymnes'. In the dedication Chapman assails unlearned 'passion-driven men', 'hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies', and ridicules the alleged eternity of their 'idolatrous platts for riches'. 'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea not without having drops of their souls *like a heavenly familiar*'. Of Chapman's Homer a part appeared

in 1596; dedicatory sonnets in a later edition are addressed to both Southampton and Pembroke.

Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, remains unknown. Even the meaning of the word ‘begetter’ is in dispute. ‘I have some cousin-germans at court’, writes Decker in *Satiromastix*, ‘shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king’s revels’, where *beget* evidently means *procure*. Was the ‘begetter’ of the Sonnets, then, the person who procured them for Thorpe? I cannot think so; there is special point in the choice of the word ‘begetter’, if the dedication be addressed to the person who inspired the poems and for whom they were written. Eternity through offspring is what Shakspere most desires for his friend; if he will not beget a child, then he is promised eternity in verse by his poet,—in verse ‘whose influence is thine, and *born of thee*’ (LXXVIII.). Thus was Mr. W. H. the begetter of these poems, and from the point of view of a complimentary dedication he might well be termed the *only* begetter.

I have no space to consider suggestions which seem to me of little weight,—that W. H. is a misprint for W. S., meaning William Shakspere; that ‘W. H. all’ should be read ‘W. Hall’; that a full stop should be placed after ‘wifheth’, making Mr. W. H., perhaps William Herbert or William Hathaway, the wifher of happiness to Southampton, the only begetter (Ph. Charles and Bolton Corney); nor do I think we need argue for or against the supposition of a painful German commentator (Barnstorff), that Mr. W. H. is none other than Mr. William Himself. When Thorpe uses the words ‘the adventurer in setting forth,’ perhaps he meant to compare himself to one of the young volunteers in the days of Elizabeth and James, who embarked on naval enterprises, hoping to make their fortunes by discovery or conquest; so he with good wishes took his risk on the sea of public favour in this light venture of the Sonnets.<sup>1</sup>

The date at which the Sonnets were written, like their origin, is uncertain. In *Willowie's*

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Grofart's *Donne*, vol. ii. pp. 45-46.

*Avisa*, 1594, in commendatory verse prefixed to which occurs the earliest printed mention of Shakspere by name, H. W. (Henry Willlobie) pining with love for Avisa bewrays his disease to his familiar friend W. S., 'who not long before had tried the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection'. W. S. encourages his friend in a passion which he knows must be hopeless, intending to view this 'loving Comedy' from far off, in order to learn 'whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player'. From Canto XLIV. to XLVIII. of *Avisa*, W. S. addresses H. W. on his love-affair; and H. W. replies. It is remarkable that Canto XLVII. in form and substance bears resemblance to the stanzas in 'The Passionate Pilgrim' beginning 'When as thine eye hath chose the dame'. Assuming that W. S. is William Shakspere, we learn that he had loved unwisely, been laughed at, and recovered from the infection of his passion before the end of 1594. It seemed impossible to pass by a poem which has been described as

'the one contemporary book which has ever been supposed to throw any direct or indirect light on the mystic matter' of the Sonnets. But although the reference to W. S., his passion for Avifa fair and chaste, and his recovery, be matter of interest to inquirers after Shakspere's life, *Willolie's Avifa* seems to me to have no point of connexion with the Sonnets of Shakspere.<sup>1</sup>

Individual sonnets have been indicated as helping to ascertain the date :

I. It has been confidently stated that CIVII. containing the line

*The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured*

must refer to the death of Elizabeth (1603), the poets' Cynthia ; but the line may well bear another interpretation. (See Notes.)

II. Mr. Tyler (*Athenaeum*, Sept. 11, 1880) ingeniously argues that the thought and phra-

<sup>1</sup> The force of the allusion to tragedy and comedy is weakened by the fact that we find in *Alcilia* (1595) the course of love spoken of as a tragi-comedy, where no reference to a real actor on the stage is intended : *Sic incipit fultorum Tragicoedia.*

ing of lines in Sonnet LV. are derived from a passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Shakspere among others is mentioned with honour :

'As Ovid saith of his worke ;

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;*

And as Horace saith of his,

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Poscit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum :*

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's and Warner's works ;

*Nec Jovis ira, imbris, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,  
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.*

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, Chronus, Vulcanus, et Pater ipse gentis ;

*Nec tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,  
Aeternum potuit hoc abolere decus'.*

## III. The last line of Sonnet xciv.

*Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds*

occurs also in the play *King Edward III.* (printed 1596), in a part of the play ascribed by some critics to Shakspere. We cannot say for certain whether the play borrows from the sonnet, or the sonnet from the play. The latter seems to me the more likely supposition of the two.

The argument for this or that date from coincidences in expression between the Sonnets and certain plays of Shakspere has no decisive force. Coincidences may often be found between Shakspere's late and early plays. But the general characteristics of style may lead us to believe that some Sonnets, as I.-XXIV., belong to a period not later than *Romeo & Juliet*; others, as LXIV.-LXXIV., seem to echo the sadder tone heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*. I cannot think that any of the Sonnets are earlier than Daniel's 'Delia' (1592), which, I believe, supplied Shakspere with a model for this form of verse; and, though I can allege no strong evi-

dence for the opinion, I should not be disposed to place any later than 1605.

Various attempts have been made by English, French, and German students to place the Sonnets in a new and better order, of which attempts no two agree between themselves. That the Sonnets are not printed in the Quarto, 1609, at haphazard, is evident from the fact that the *Envoy*, cxxvi. is rightly placed; that poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend; and that the two Cupid and Dian Sonnets stand together at the close. A nearer view makes it apparent that in the first series, i.-cxxvi., a continuous story is conducted through various stages to its termination; a more minute inspection discovers points of contact or connexion between sonnet and sonnet, and a natural sequence of thought, passion and imagery. We are in the end convinced that no arrangement which has been proposed is as good as that of the Quarto. But the force of this remark seems to me to apply with certainty only to Sonnets i.-cxxvi. The second series, cxxvii.-cliv., al-

though some of its pieces are evidently connected with those which stand near them, does not exhibit a like intelligible sequence; a better arrangement may perhaps be found; or, it may be, no possible arrangement can educe order out of the struggles between will and judgement, between blood and reason; tumult and chaos are perhaps a portion of their life and being.

A piece of evidence confirming the opinion here advanced will be found in the use of *thou* and *you* by Shakspere as a mode of address to his friend. Why *thou* or *you* is chosen, is not always explicable; sometimes the choice seems to be determined by considerations of euphony; sometimes of rhyme; sometimes intimate affection seems to indicate the use of *you*, and respectful homage that of *thou*; but this is by no means invariable. What I would call attention to, however, as exhibiting something like order and progress in the arrangement of 1609 is this: that in the first fifty sonnets, *you* is of extremely rare occurrence, in the second fifty *you* and *thou* alternate in little groups of sonnets,

*thou* having still a preponderance, but now only a slight preponderance; in the remaining twenty-six, *you* becomes the ordinary mode of address, and *thou* the exception. In the sonnets to a mistress, *thou* is invariably employed. A few sonnets of the first series as LXIII.-LXVIII. have ‘my love’, and the third person throughout.<sup>1</sup>

Whether idealising reality or wholly fanciful, an Elizabethan book of sonnets was—not always, but in many instances—made up of a chain or series of poems, in a designed or natural sequence, viewing in various aspects a single

<sup>1</sup> I cannot here present detailed statistics. *Thou* and *you* are to be considered only when addressing friend or lover, not Time, the Muse, etc. Six sets of sonnets may then be distinguished: 1. Using *thou*. 2. Using *you*. 3. Using neither, but belonging to a *thou* group. 4. Using neither, but belonging to a *you* group. 5. Using neither, and independent. 6. Using both (xxiv.). I had hoped that this investigation was left to form one of my gleanings. But Professor Goedeke in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, March 1877, looked into the matter; his results seem to me vitiated by an arbitrary division of the sonnets using neither *thou* nor *you* into groups of eleven and twelve, and by a fantastic theory that Shakspere wrote his sonnets in books or groups of fourteen each.

theme, or carrying on a love-story to its issue, prosperous or the reverse. Sometimes advance is made through the need of discovering new points of view, and the movement, always delayed, is rather in a circuit than straight forward. In Spenser's *Amoretti* we read the progres of love from humility through hope to conquest. In *Astrophel & Stella*, we read the story of passion struggling with untoward fate, yet at last mastered by the resolve to do high deeds :

*Sweet ! for a while give respite to my heart  
Which pants as though it still would leap to thee ;  
And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy  
To this great Cause.*

In *Parthenophil & Parthenope* the story is of a new love supplanting an old, of hot and cold fevers, of despair, and, as last effort of the desperate lover, of an imagined attempt to subdue the affections of his cruel lady by magic art. But in reading Sidney, Spenser, Barnes, and still more Watson, Constable, Drayton, and others, although a large element of the art-poetry of the Renascence

is common to them and Shakspere, the student of Shakspere's sonnets does not feel at home. It is when we open Daniel's 'Delia' that we recognise close kinship. The manner is the same, though the master proves himself of tardier imagination and less ardent temper. Diction, imagery, rhymes, and, in sonnets of like form, versification distinctly resemble those of Shakspere. Malone was surely right when he recognised in Daniel the master of Shakspere as a writer of sonnets—a master quickly excelled by his pupil. And it is in Daniel that we find sonnet starting from sonnet almost in Shakspere's manner, only that Daniel often links poem with poem in more formal wise, the last or the penultimate line of one poem supplying the first line of that which immediately follows.

Let us attempt to trace briefly the sequence of incidents and feelings in the Sonnets I.-CXXVI. A young man, beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished, is the heir of a great house; he is exposed to temptations of youth, and wealth, and rank. Possibly his mother desires to see him married; certainly it is the desire of his

friend. ‘I should be glad if you were caught’, writes Languet to Philip Sidney, ‘that so you might give to your country sons like yourself’. ‘If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be doing better service to your country than if you were to cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards and Frenchmen’. “Sir”, said Croesus to Cambyses<sup>1</sup>, Languet writes to Sidney, now aged twenty-four, “I consider your father must be held your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas you have as yet no son like yourself”. It is in the manner of Sidney’s own *Cecropia* that Shakspere urges marriage upon his friend.<sup>1</sup> ‘Nature when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child’ (*Sonnet xiii. 14*); ‘she gave you beauty to move love; she gave you wit to know love; she gave you an excellent body to reward love;

<sup>1</sup> *Arcadia*, Lib. iii. Noticed by Mr. Maffey, in his ‘Shakespeare’s Sonnets and his Private Friends’, pp. 36-

which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unspeakable felicity. For this as it bindeth the receiver, so it makes happy the bestower; this doth not impoverish, but enrich the giver (vi. 6). O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are as it were eternified! . . . Have you seen a pure Rose-water kept in a crystal glas, how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glas imprisons it! Break the prison and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace the dust, and lose all his former sweetnes and fairnes; truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint of Crystalline marriage (v.); . . . And is a solitary life as good as this? then, can one string make as good music as a confort (viii.).'

In like manner Shakspere urges the youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring (i-xvii.).<sup>1</sup> But if *Will* refuses, then his poet will make war against Time and Decay, and confer immortality

<sup>1</sup> In what follows, to avoid the confusion of *he*, and *him*, call Shakspere's friend, as he is called in cxxxv., *Will*.

upon his beloved one by Verse (xv.-xix.). *Will* is the pattern and exemplar of human beauty (xix.), so uniting in himself the perfections of man and woman (xx.); this is no extravagant praise but simple truth (xxi.). And such a being has exchanged love with Shakspere (xxii.), who must needs be silent with excess of passion (xxiii.), cherishing in his heart the image of his friend's beauty (xxiv.), but holding still more dear the love from which no unkind fortune can ever separate him (xxv.). Here affairs of his own compel Shakspere to a journey which removes him from *Will* (xxvi., xxvii.). Sleepless at night, and toiling by day, he thinks of the absent one (xxvii. xxviii.); grieving for his own poor estate (xxix.), and the death of friends, but finding in the one beloved amends for all (xxx., xxxi.); and so Shakspere commends to his friend his poor verses as a token of affection which may survive if he himself should die (xxxii.). At this point the mood changes—in his absence his friend has been false to friendship (xxxiii.); now, indeed, *Will* would let the

sunshine of his favour beam out again, but that will not cure the disgrace; tears and penitence are fitter (xxxiv.); and for sake of such tears *Will* shall be forgiven (xxxv.); but henceforth their lives must run apart (xxxvi.); Shakspere, separated from *Will*, can look on and rejoice in his friend's happiness and honour (xxxvii.), singing his praise in verse (xxxviii.), which he could not do if they were so united that to praise his friend were self-praise (xxxix.); separated they must be, and even their loves be no longer one; Shakspere can now give his love, even her he loved, to the gentle thief; wronged though he is, he will still hold *Will* dear (xl.); what is he but a boy whom a woman has beguiled (xli.)? and for both, for friend and mistress, in the midst of his pain, he will try to feign excuses (xlii.). Here there seems to be a gap of time. The Sonnets begin again in absence, and some students have called this, perhaps rightly, the Second Absence (xliii., *qqq.*). His friend continues as dear as ever, but confidence is shaken, and a deep distrust begins

to grow (XLVIII.). What right indeed has a poor player to claim constancy and love (XLIX.)? He is on a journey which removes him from *Will* (L. LI.). His friend perhaps professes unshaken loyalty, for Shakspere now takes heart, and praises *Will's* truth (LIII. LIV.)—takes heart, and believes that his own verse will for ever keep that truth in mind. He will endure the pain of absence, and have no jealous thoughts (LVII. LVIII.); striving to honour his friend in song better than ever man was honoured before (LIX.); in song which shall outlast the revolutions of time (LX.). Still he cannot quite get rid of jealous fears (LXI.); and yet, what right has one so worn by years and care to claim all a young man's love (LXII.)? *Will*, too, in his turn must fade, but his beauty will survive in verse (LXIII.). Alas! to think that death will take away the beloved one (LXIV.); nothing but Verse can defeat time and decay (LXV.). For his own part Shakspere would willingly die, were it not that, dying, he would leave his friend alone in an evil world (LXVI.). Why

should one so beautiful live to grace this ill world (LXVII.) except as a survival of the genuine beauty of the good old times (LXVIII.); yet beautiful as he is, he is blamed for careless living (LIX.), but surely this must be slander (LXX.). Shakspere here returns to the thought of his own death; when I leave this vile world, he says, let me be forgotten (LXXI. LXXII.); and my death is not very far off (LXXIII.); but when I die my spirit still lives in my verse (LXXIV.). A new group seems to begin with LXXV. Shakspere loves his friend as a miser loves his gold, fearing it may be stolen (fearing a rival poet?). His verse is monotonous and old-fashioned (not like the rival's verse?) (LXXVL); so he sends *Will* his manuscript book unfilled, which *Will* may fill, if he please, with verse of his own; Shakspere chooses to sing no more of Beauty and of Time; *Will's* glass and dial may inform him henceforth on these topics (LXXVII.) The rival poet has now won the first place in *Will's* esteem (LXXVIII.-LXXXVI.). Shakspere must bid his friend farewell (LXXXVII.). If *Will* should scorn

him, Shakspere will side against himself (LXXXVIII. LXXXIX.). But if his friend is ever to hate him, let it be at once, that the bitterness of death may soon be past (xc.). He has dared to say farewell, yet his friend's love is all the world to Shakspere, and the fear of losing him is misery (xci.); but he cannot really lose his friend, for death would come quickly to save him from such grief; and yet *Will* may be false and Shakspere never know it (xcii.); so his friend, fair in seeming, false within, would be like Eve's apple (xciii.); it is to such self-contained, passionless persons that nature entrusts her rarest gifts of grace and beauty; yet vicious self-indulgence will spoil the fairest human soul (xciv.). So let *Will* beware of his youthful vices, already whispered by the lips of men (xcv.); true, he makes graces out of faults, yet this should be kept within bounds (xcvi.). Here again, perhaps, is a gap of time.<sup>1</sup> Sonnets XCVII.-XCIX.

<sup>1</sup> The last two lines of xcvi.—not very appropriate I think in that sonnet—are identical with the last two lines of xxxvi. It occurs to me as a possibility that the ms. in Thorpe's hands may here have been imperfect, and that

are written in absence, which some students, perhaps rightly, call Third Absence. These three sonnets are full of tender affection, but at the close of xcix. allusion is made to *Will's* vices, the canker in the rose. After this followed a period of silence. In c. love begins to renew itself, and song awakes. Shakspere excuses his silence (cl.); his love has grown while he was silent (ci.); his friend's loveliness is better than all song (ciii.); three years have passed since first acquaintance; *Will* looks as young as ever, yet time must insensibly be altering his beauty (cv.). Shakspere sings with a monotony of love (cv.). All former singers praising knights and ladies only prophesied concerning *Will* (cv.); grief and fear are past; the two friends are reconciled again; and both live for ever united in Shakspere's verse (cvii.). Love has conquered time and age, which destroy mere beauty of face (cviii.). Shakspere confesses his errors, but now he has returned to his home he filled it up so far as to complete xcvi. with a couplet from an earlier sonnet.

of love (cix.), he will never wander again (cx.); and his past faults were partly caused by his temptations as a player (cxl.); he cares for no blame and no praise now except those of his friend (cxii.). Once more he is absent from his friend (Fourth Absence?), but full of loving thought of him (cxiii. cxiv.). Love has grown and will grow yet more (cxv.). Love is unconquerable by Time (cxvi.). Shakspere confesses again his wanderings from his friend; they were tests of *Will's* constancy (cxvii.); and they quickened his own appetite for genuine love (cxviii.). Ruined love rebuilt is stronger than at first (cxix.); there were wrongs on both sides and must now be mutual forgiveness (cxx.). Shakspere is not to be judged by the report of malicious censors (cxxi.); he has given away his friend's present of a table-book, because he needed no remembrancer (cxxii.); records and registers of time are false; only a lover's memory is to be wholly trusted, recognising old things in what seem new (cxxiii.); Shakspere's love is not based on self-interest, and therefore is

uninfluenced by fortune (cxxiv.); nor is it founded on external beauty of form or face, but is simple love for love's sake (cxxv.). Will is still young and fair, yet he should remember that the end must come at last (cxxvi.).

Thus the series of poems addressed to his friend closes gravely with thoughts of love and death. The Sonnets may be divided at pleasure into many smaller groups, but I find it possible to go on without interruption from I. to XXXII.; from XXXIII. to XLII.; from XLIII. to LXXIV.; from LXXV. to XCVI.; from XCVII. to XCIX.; from C. to CXXVI.<sup>1</sup>

I do not here attempt to trace a continuous sequence in the Sonnets addressed to the dark-haired woman CXXVII.-CLIV.; I doubt whether such continuous sequence is to be found in them; but in the Notes some points of connexion between sonnet and sonnet are pointed out.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps there is a break at LVIII. The most careful studies of the sequence of the Sonnets are Mr. Furnivall's in his preface to the *Leopold Shakspere*, and Mr. Spalding's in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1878.

If Shakspere ‘unlocked his heart’ in these Sonnets, what do we learn from them of that great heart? I cannot answer otherwise than in words of my own formerly written. ‘In the Sonnets we recognise three things: that Shakspere was capable of measureless personal devotion; that he was tenderly sensitive, sensitive above all to every diminution or alteration of that love his heart so eagerly craved; and that, when wronged, although he suffered anguish, he transcended his private injury, and learned to forgive. . . . The errors of his heart originated in his sensitiveness, in his imagination (not at first inured to the hardness of fidelity to the fact), in his quick consciousness of existence, and in the self-abandoning devotion of his heart. There are some noble lines by Chapman in which he pictures to himself the life of great energy, enthusiasms and passions, which for ever stands upon the edge of utmost danger, and yet for ever remains in absolute security:—

*Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind*

*Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low  
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air ;  
There is no danger to a man that knows  
What life and death is,—there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law.*

Such a master-spirit, pressing forward under strained canvas was Shakspere. If the ship dipped and drank water, she rose again ; and at length we behold her within view of her haven sailing under a large, calm wind, not without tokens of stress of weather, but if battered, yet unbroken by the waves'. The last plays of Shakspere, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII.*, illuminate the Sonnets and justify the moral genius of their writer.

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I.

From fairest creatures we desire increafe,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die, ←  
But as the riper should by time deceafe,  
His tender heir might bear his memory : ←  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'ft thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud burieſt thy content  
And, tender churl, makeſt waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-funken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thirstless praise.  
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answ're 'This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'  
Proving his beauty by succession thine !  
    This were to be new made when thou art old,  
    And see thy blood warm when thou feel'ft it cold.

## III.

Look in thy glas, and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another ;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou doft beguile the world, unbleſſeſ ſome mother.  
For where is ſhe ſo fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
Or who is he ſo fond will be the tomb  
Of his ſelf-love, to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glas, and ſhe in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime ;  
So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt fee,  
Despite of wrinkles, thiſ thy golden time.  
But if thou live, rememb'red not to be,  
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifte lovelineſ, why doſt thou ſpend  
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free:  
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuse  
The bounteous largeſ given thee to give?  
Proftleſ uſurer, why doſt thou uſe  
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?  
For having traffic with thyſelf alone,  
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceiver:  
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave?  
Thy unuſed beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, uſed, liues th' executor to be.

## 4.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel ;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd and barenes every where :  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glas,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Leefe but their shew ; their substance still lives  
sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan  
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee ;  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way :  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on dieft, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'ft thou music sadly ?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :  
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,  
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy ?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldest bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;  
Resembling fire and child and happy mother,  
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee : ‘Thou single wilt prove none.’

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consumest thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And, kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
No love toward others in that besom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,  
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is moſt evident ;  
For thou art ſo poſſeſſ'd with murdererous hate  
That 'gaſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,  
Seeking that beauteous hoof to ruinate  
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?  
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyſelf at leaſt kind-hearted prove :  
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,  
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

## XL.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'ſt  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'ſt  
Thou mayſt call thine when thou from youth con-  
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty and increase ; [verteſt.  
Without this, folly, age and cold decay :  
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceafe  
And threeſcore year would make the world away.  
Let thoſe whom Nature hath not made for ſtore,  
Harſh, featureleſs and rude, barrenly periſh :  
Look, whom the beſt endow'd ſhe gave the more ;  
Which bounteous gift thou ſhouldſt in bounty cheriſh :  
She carved thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby  
Thou ſhouldſt print more, nor let that copy die.

## xii.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day funk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And fable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forfaine  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;      [fence  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

**XIII.**

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you shoulde prepare,  
And your sweete semblance to some other give:  
So shoulde that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweete issue your sweete form shoulde bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know  
You had a father: let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck ;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find .  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldest convert ;'  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate :  
'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

## xv.

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shews  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to fullied night ;  
And all in war with Time for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rime ?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

## XVII.

- Who will believe my verse in time to come, *a*  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts? *b*  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb *a*  
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts. *b*  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes *c*  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces, *a*  
The age to come would say 'This poet lies,' *c*  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.' *a*  
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice, in it and in my rime.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet blood ;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood ;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleest,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets ;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.  
And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,  
Making a complement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hem.  
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;  
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glafs shall not perſuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :  
How can I then be elder than thou art ?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary  
As I, not for myſelf, but for thee will ;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Prefume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;  
Thou gaueſt me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.  
O, let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictured lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## xxv.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famous'd for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written ambassage,  
To witnes duty, not to shew my wit :  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to shew it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect :  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then not shew my head where thou mayst  
prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I hafte me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
But then begins a journey in my head  
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired :  
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darknes which the blind do see :  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Prefents thy shadow to my sightles view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.  
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ;  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee ?  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;  
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'ft the even.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

## XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends posseff'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented leaft ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From fullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :  
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the fessions of sweet silent thought  
I fummon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateles night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;  
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in thee lie !  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;  
That due of many now is thine alone :  
Their images I loved I view in thee,  
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey [cover,  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love; not for their rime,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought, [age,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun  
staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak  
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the los:  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's crofs.  
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou haft done :  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are ;  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessary needs must be  
To that sweet thief which hourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one :  
So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with public kindnes honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
    But do not so ; I love thee in such sort  
    As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store :  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
That I in thy abundance am sufficed  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

## XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rimers invocate;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
If my flight Muse do please these curious days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?  
Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.  
O absence, what a torment wouldest thou prove,  
Were it not thy four leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
~~By praifing him~~ here who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

**XLL.**

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed ?  
Ay me ! but yet thou mightst myfeat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,—  
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou haft her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;  
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :  
Thou doſt love her, because thou know’ſt I love her ;  
And for my fake even ſo doth ſhe abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my fake to approve her.  
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love’s gain,  
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs ;  
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,  
And both for my fake lay on me this croſs :  
But here ’s the joy ; my friend and I are one ;  
Sweet flattery ! then ſhe loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected ;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy shew  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !  
All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do shew thee  
me.

**XLIV.**

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance shoud not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But, ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving nought by elements so flow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, flight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :  
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy fight ;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's fight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him doft lie,  
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impanelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part :  
As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with fighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me ;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee ;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :  
    To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
    Since why to love I can allege no cause.

**L.**

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend !'  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
Which heavily he answers with a groan  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind :  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## EE.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,  
In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'it love being made,  
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—  
‘ Since from thee going he went wilful-flow,  
Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave to go.’

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key .  
Can bring him to his sweet up-lock'd treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph; being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,  
The other as your bounty doth appear ;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.  
In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
But, for their virtue only is their shew,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharp'ned in his former might :  
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullnes,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullnes.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence four  
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will ; to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The secong burthen of a former child !  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done !  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame ;  
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O, fure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

**LXI.**

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
O, no! thy love, though much; is not so great:  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part ;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glas shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.



Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night ;  
And all those beauties whereof now he's king  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :  
    His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
    And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brafs eternal slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,  
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping fway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill :

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage shoulf achieve  
And lace itfelf with his society ?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead feeing of his living hue ?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, fince his rose is true ?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins ?  
For he hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O, him ſhe stores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had  
In days long fince, before theſe laſt fo bad.

**LXVIII.**

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now;  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head ;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

**LXIX.**

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shwon.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in gues, they measure by thy deeds ;  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes  
    were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
    But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The foil is this, that thou dost common grow.

**LXXX.**

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
For flander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, flander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'ſt a pure, unstained prime.  
Thou haſt paſſ'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not affai'd, or victor being charged ;  
Yet this thy praife cannot be ſo thy praife,  
To tie up envy evermore enlarged :  
If ſome ſuspect of ill maſk'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly fullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearfe,  
But let your love even with my life decay ;  
Left the wife world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXXII.

O, left the world should task you to recite  
What merit lived in me, that you should love  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :  
O, left your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'ft the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west ;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that feals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'ft the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Confumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more  
strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some int'rest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee :  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.  
The worth of that is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :  
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.  
  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?  
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:  
For as the fun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glafs will shew thee how thy beauties wear  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glafs will truly shew  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory cannot contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurfed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

**LXXXVIII.**

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse  
And found such fair assistance in my verse  
As every alien pen hath got my use  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
And given grace a double majesty.  
  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine and born of thee :  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !  
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride :  
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this ; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearfe,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
    You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—  
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths  
    of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so, love ; yet when they have devised  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized  
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;  
And their gross painting might be better used  
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set ;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praife devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that fays most? which can say more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grew.  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
Reserve their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.  
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,  
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry ‘Amen’  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish’d form of well-refined pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say ‘ ‘Tis so, ’tis true,’  
And to the most of praise add something more ;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.  
Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

**LXXXVI.**

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence :  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my poffeffing,  
And like enough thou know'ft thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee rleleasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
The caufe of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And fo my patent back again is fwerving.      [ing,  
Thyfelf thou gaveſt, thy own worth then not know-  
Or me, to whom thou gaveſt it, else mistaking ;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgement making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In ſleep a king, but waking no ſuch matter.

**LXXXVIII.**

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;  
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace ; knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Left I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## xc.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to crofs,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
Give not a wwindy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compared with losf of thee will not seem fo.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :  
But these particulars are not my measure ;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away and me most wretched make.

## xciI.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O, what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,  
But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetnes tell.  
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die,  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
For sweetest things turn ~~sourest~~ by their deeds ;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name bleffes an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## xcvi.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonnes ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and les :  
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks tranflate !  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
What old December's bareness every where !  
And yet this time removed was summer's time ;  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit ;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute :  
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, drest in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide : [smells,  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;  
If any, be a fatire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

## CL.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb  
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-  
I love not less, though less the show appear : [ing ;  
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burthened every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside !  
O, blame me not, if I no more can write !  
Look in your glas, and there appears a face  
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well ?  
For to no other pafs my verses tend  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;  
And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,  
Your own glas shows you when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In proceſs of the seasons have I ſeen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I ſaw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred :  
Ere you were born was beauty's ſummer dead.

## cv.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol shew,  
Since all alike my songs and praifes be  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,  
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words ;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,  
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rime  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
For we, which now behold these present day  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to p

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the leafe of my true love control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rime,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechles tribes :  
    And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
    When tyrants' crests and tombs of brafs are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
    Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
    Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
As easie might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :  
That is my home of love : if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again ;  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
Made old offences of affections new ; [dear,  
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end :  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

**CXL.**

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddefis of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :  
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd ;  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Potions of eisel, 'gainst my strong infection ;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

**CXII.**

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?  
You are my all the world, and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;  
None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
That my steel'd senfe or changes right or wrong.  
In so profound abyf'm I throw all care  
Of others' voices, that my adder's senfe  
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :  
    You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
    That all the world besides methinks they're dead.

**CXIII.**

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;  
For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :  
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;  
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
The most sweet favour or deformed'ft creature,  
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :  
Incapable of more, replete with you,  
**My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.**

**CXIV.**

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?  
Or whether shall I say, mine eye faith true,  
And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
To make of monsters and things indigest  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
Creating every bad a perfect best,  
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?  
O, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :  
Mine eye well knows what with his guist is 'greeing,  
And to his palate doth prepare the cup :  
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer :  
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'ft intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;  
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?  
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

**CXVL.**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :  
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending fickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

**CXVII.**

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all  
Wherein I shoud your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which shoud transport me farthest from your sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate ;  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;  
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sicknes when we purge ;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetnes,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;  
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetnes  
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful stafe,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured :  
    But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win !  
  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !  
  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever !  
  
O benefit of ill ! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
  
So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brafs or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time ;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd  
My deepest fense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

**CXXI.**

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,  
When not to be receives reproach of being ;  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses reckon up their own :  
I may be straight, though they themselves be bевel ;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shонн ;  
    Unless this general evil they maintain,  
    All men are bad and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity :  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;  
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
They are but dressings of a former fight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
No, it was builded far from accident; [gather'd.  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thralled discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leafes of short number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic, [showers.  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

**CXXV.**

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet foregoing simple favour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?  
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art  
But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence, thou ~~born~~ informer ! a true soul  
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glafs, his fickle, hour ;  
Who haft by waning grown, and therein shew'ſt  
Thy lovers withering as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt ;  
If Nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wrack,  
As thou goeſt onwards, ſtill will pluck thee back,  
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill  
May time diſgrace and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou miſion of her pleaſure !  
She may detain, but not ſtill keep, her treaſure :  
Her audit, though delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,  
And her quietus is to render thee.

**CXXVII.**

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistres' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem :  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

*Perse*

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'ſt  
Upon that bleſſed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently fway'ſt  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy thoſe ſticks that nimble leap  
To kiſſ the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,  
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing stand !  
To be fo tickled, they would change their ſtate  
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bleſt than living lips.  
Since fauſy jacks fo happy are in thiſ,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſſ.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight ;  
Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;  
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.      [well  
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

**CXXX.**

My mistres' eyes are nothing like the sun ;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistres reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :  
I grant I never saw a goddes go,  
My mistres, when she walks, treads on the ground :  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;  
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :  
To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this flander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :  
O, let it then as well be seem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And fuit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I fwear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Befrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !  
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crost.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free.  
For thou art covetous and he is kind ;  
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
Thus far for love, my love-suit, fweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
Then in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy store's account I one must be ;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, [place?  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

**CXXXVIII.**

When my love fwears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :  
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told :  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
& And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindnes lays upon my heart ;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;  
Use power with power, and flay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
might  
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide ?  
Let me excuse thee : ah, my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies ;  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not pres<sup>s</sup>  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;  
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words expre<sup>s</sup>s  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know ;  
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,  
Mad flanderers by mad ears believed be.  
  
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud hear<sup>t</sup>  
go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote ;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
But my five wits nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :  
    Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
    That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

**CXLII.**

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproofing ;  
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chafe,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :  
    So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,  
    If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

**CXLIV.**

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do fuggeſt me ſtill :  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worſer ſpirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me foon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide,  
And would corrupt my faint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I gueſſ one angel in another's hell :  
Yet this ſhall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'  
To me that languish'd for her sake :  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;  
And taught it thus anew to greet ;  
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away ;  
    'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
And saved my life, saying—'Not you.'

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
[Preff'd by] these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's losf,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in felling hours of drofs ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurfeth the disease ;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest ;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth, vainly express'd ;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night. [bright,

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,  
That censures falsely what they see aright ?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so ?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,  
How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?  
No marvel then, though I mistake my view ;  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Left eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,  
When I against myself with thee partake ?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon ?  
Nay, if thou lour'ſt on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
Those that can fee thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to fway? . . .  
To make me give the lie to my true fight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds . . .  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldest not abhor my state:  
    If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
    More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## CLX

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Left guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My foul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,  
But rising at thy name doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'it I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindnes,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjured I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep :  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateles lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistres' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistres' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

## NOTES.

I. The theme of this and other early sonnets is similarly treated in *Venus & Adonis*, ll. 162-174:—

*Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear :  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :  
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty ;  
Thou wast begot ; to get it is thy duty.*

*Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead :  
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.*

6. *Self-substantial fuel*, fuel of the substance of the flame itself.

12. *Makest waste in niggarding*. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 223:—

BEN. *Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?*  
ROM. *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.*

13, 14. Pity the world, or else be a glutton devouring the world's due, by means of the grave

(which will swallow your beauty—compare Sonnet LXXVII. 6, and note), and of yourself, who refuse to beget offspring. Compare *All's Well*, A&I. sc. I., Parolles speaking, ‘Virginity . . . consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach’. Steevens proposed ‘*be thy grave and thee*’, i.e. be at once thyself and thy grave.

II. In Sonnet I. the Friend is ‘contracted to his own bright eyes’; such a marriage is fruitless, and at forty the eyes will be ‘deep-funken’. The ‘glutton’ of I. reappears here in the phrase ‘all-eating shame’; the ‘makeft waste’ of I. reappears in the ‘thriftleſs praise’ of II. If the youth addressed were now to marry, at forty he might have a son of his present age, i.e. about twenty.

8. *Thriftleſs praise*; unprofitable praise.

11. *Shall sum my count and make my old excuse*, shall complete my account, and serve as the excuse of my oldness. Hazlitt reads *whole excuse*.

III. A proof by example of the truth set forth in II. Here is a parent finding in a child the excuse for age and wrinkles. But here that parent is the mother. Were the father of Shakspere’s friend living, it would have been natural to mention him XIII. 14 ‘you had a father’ confirms our impression that he was dead.

There are two kinds of mirrors—first, that of glafs; secondy, a child who reflects his parent’s beauty.

5. *Unear'd*, unploughed. Compare the Dedica-

tion of *Venus & Adonis*, 'I shall . . . never after  
ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad  
a harvest'.

5, 6. Compare *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. 4,  
ll. 43, 44 :—

*Her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tillth and husbandry.*

7, 8. Compare *Venus & Adonis*, ll. 757-761 :—

*What is thy body but a swallowing grave  
Seeming to bury that posterity,  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?*

9, 10. Compare *Lucrece*, ll. 1758, 1759 (old  
Lucretius addressing his dead daughter) :—

*Poor broken glas, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born.*

11. Compare *A Lover's Complaint*, l. 14 :—

*Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.*

12. *Golden time*. So *King Richard III.*, Act I.  
sc. 2, l. 248, 'the golden prime of this sweet prince'.

13. *If thou live*; Capell suggests *love*.

IV. In Sonnet III. Shakspere has viewed his friend as an inheritor of beauty from his mother; this legacy of beauty is now regarded as the bequest of nature. The ideas of unthriftiness (l. 1) and niggardliness (l. 5) are derived from Sonnets I. II.; the 'audit' (l. 12) is another form of the 'sum my count' of II. II. The new idea introduced in this

sonnet is that of usury, which reappears in vi. 5, 6.

3. So *Measure for Measure*, Act i. sc. i, ll. 36-41.

Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smalleſt ſcruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddefſ, ſhe determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and uſe.

Compare with this sonnet the arguments put into the mouth of *Comus* by Milton: *Comus*, 679-684 and 720-727.

4. *Free*, liberal.

8. *Live*, ſubſit. With all your uſury you have not a livelihood, for, trafficking only with yourſelf, you put a cheat upon yourſelf, and win nothing by ſuch uſury.

14. *Th' executor*, Malone reads 'thy executor'.

V. In Sonnets v. vi. youth and age are compared to the ſeafons of the year: in vii. they are compared to morning and evening, the feafons of the day.

1. *Hours*, a diſſyllable, as in *The Tempeſt*, Act v. 1. 4.

2. *Gaze*, object gazed at, as in *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 8, l. 24.

4. *Unfair*, deprive of beauty; not elsewhere uſed by Shakſpere, but in Sonnet cxxvii. we find 'Fairing the foul'.

9. *Summer's diſtillation*, perfumes made from flowers. Compare Sonnet liV. and *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act i. sc. i, ll. 76, 77:—

*Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedneſs.*

14. *Leſe*, loſe.

VI. This sonnet carries on the thoughts of iv. and v.—the distilling of perfumes from v., and the interest paid on money lent from iv.

5. *Uſe*, interest. Compare with this sonnet the solicitation of Adonis by Venus, ll. 767, 768.

*Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to uſe more gold begets.*

And *Merchant of Venice*, Act i. sc. 3, ll. 70-97.

The mediæval theologians argued against requiring interest on money on the ground that ‘all money is sterile by nature’, an absurdity of Aristotle. ‘The Greek word for interest (*rókos*, from *τίκτω*, I beget) was probably connected with this delusion.’

Lecky : *Hist. of Rationalism in Europe*, chap. vi. note.

13. *Self-will'd*, Delius conjectures, ‘self-kill’d’.

VII. After imagery drawn from summer and winter, Shakspere finds new imagery in morning and evening.

3. *Each under eye*. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 40:—‘I have eyes under my service’.

5. *Steep-up heavenly*. Mr. W. J. Craig suggests that Shakspere may have written ‘steep up-heavenly’.

7, 8. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act i. sc. 1, ll. 125, 126:—

*Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.*

10. *He reeleth from the day;* Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 3 :—

*Flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path.*

11, 12. Compare *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 150 :—

*Men /but their doors againſt a setting sun.*

13. *Thyſelf, etc., paſſing beyond your zenith.*

VIII. In the Additional MS. 15,226, British Museum, is a copy, written in James I.'s reign, of this Sonnet.

1. Thou, whom to hear is music, why, etc. Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. sc. 1, l. 69, 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music'.

8. *Bear.* Staunton proposes *share*.

13, 14. Perhaps an allusion to the proverbial expression that one is no number. Compare Sonnet cxxxvi., 'Among a number one is reckon'd none'. Since many make but one, one will prove also less than itself, that is, will prove none.

IX. The thought of married happiness in VIII.—husband, child, and mother united in joy—suggests its opposite, the grief of a weeping widow. 'Thou ſingle wilt prove none' of VIII. 14, is carried on in 'consum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life' of IX. 2.

4. *Makeleſſ,* companionleſſ.

12. *Uſer.* Sewell has *uſrer*.

X. The 'murderous shame' of ix. 14 reappears in the 'For shame!' and 'murderous hate' of x. In ix. Shakspere denies that his friend loves any one; he carries on the thought in the opening of x., and this leads up to his friend's love of Shakspere, which is first mentioned in this sonnet.

7, 8. Seeking to bring to ruin that house (*i.e.* family), which it ought to be your chief care to repair. These lines confirm the conjecture that the father of Shakspere's friend was dead. See Sonnet XIII. 9-14. Compare 3 *King Henry VI.*, Act v. sc. 1, ll. 83, 84:—

*I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together*

and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v. sc. 4, ll. 9-11.

9. *O change, etc.* O be willing to marry and beget children that I may cease to think you a being devoid of love.

XI. The first five lines enlarge on the thought (x. 14) of beauty living '*in thine*'; showing how the beauty of a child may be called *thine*.

2. *Departest*, leavest. 'Ere I depart his house', *King Lear*, Act III. sc. 5, l. 1.

4. *Converteſt*, dost alter, or turn away. Compare Sonnet XIV. 12:—

*If from thyſelf to ſtore thou wouldſt convert.*

7. *The times*, the generations of men.

9. *Store*, 'i.e. to be preserved for *use*', Malone; 'increase of men, fertility, population', Schmidt. Compare *Othello*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 84-86:—

DES. *I do not think there is any such woman.*

EMIL. *Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage  
as would store the world they played for.*

11. To whom she gave much, she gave more. Sewell, Malone, Staunton, Delius, read 'gave thee more'.

14. *Nor let that copy die.* Here 'copy' means the original from which the impression is taken. In *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 5, l. 261, it means the transcript impression taken from an original:—

*Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.*

XII. This sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of v., vi., vii. Lines 1, 2, like vii., speak of the decay and loss of the brightness and beauty of the *day*; lines 3-8, like v., vi., of the loss of the sweets and beauties of the *year*.

3. *Violet past prime.* Compare *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 3, l. 7. 'A violet in the youth of primy nature'.

4. *Sable curls all silver'd.* The Quarto, 1609, reads 'or silver'd'. An anonymous critic suggests 'o'er-silvered with white'. Compare *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 2, l. 242 (Horatio, of the ghost's beard), 'A sable silver'd'.

8. Compare *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 1, l. 95:—

*The green corn*

*Hath rotten ere his youth attain'd a beard.*

9. *Question make, consider.*

XIII. Shakspere imagines his friend in XII. 14, borne away by Time. It is only while he lives here that he is his own, XIII. 1, 2. Note 'you' and 'your' instead of 'thy', 'thine', and the address 'my love' for the first time.

5. So Daniel: *Delia*, XLVII. :—

*in beauty's lease expired appears*

*The date of age, the calends of our death.*

6. 'Determination in legal language means end'. Malone.

9-13. The same thought of thristleſs waste which appears in Sonnets I., IV.

14. *You had a father.* Compare *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. sc. 1, ll. 19, 20. 'This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis!' The father of Shakspere's friend was probably dead.

XIV. In XIII. Shakspere predicts stormy winter and the cold of death; he now explains what his astrology is, and at the close of the sonnet repeats his melancholy prediction.

I, 2. So Sidney, *Arcadia*, Book III. 'O sweet Philoclea . . . thy heavenly face is my astronomy', *Astrophel and Stella* (ed. 1591), Sonnet xxvi. :—

*Though dusky wits dare scorn astrology*

[I] oft forejudge my after-following race  
By only those two stars in Stella's face.

So Daniel: *Delia*, Sonnet xxx. (on Delia's eyes):—

*Stars are they sure, whose motions rule desires;  
And calm and tempest follow their aspects.*

6. *Pointing*. ‘Write ‘Pointing, i.e. appointing; or at least so understand the word. *Tarquin & Lucrece*, stanza CXXVI. :—

“*Whoever plots the sin, thou [Opportunity] point’st  
the season”*”. W. S. WALKER.

8. *Oft predict*, frequent prognostication. Sewell (ed. 2) reads ‘By ought predict’.

10-14. I introduce the inverted commas before *truth* after *convert*, before *Thy* and after *date*.

10. *Read such art*, gather by reading such truths of science as the following.

12. *Store*, see note on xl. 9.

*Convert*, rhyming here with ‘art’; so in Daniel, *Delia*, Sonnet xi. ‘convert’ rhymes with ‘heart’.

9, 10. Compare *Love’s Labour’s Loft*, A& iv. sc. 3, ll. 350-353:—

*From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.*

XV. Introduces Verse as an antagonist of Time. The stars in xiv. determining weather, plagues, dearths, and fortune of princes reappear in xv. 4, commenting in secret influence on the shows of this world.

3. *Stage*, Malone reads *state*. But the word *present* like *show* is theatrical, and confirms the text of the Quarto. Compare *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. 13, ll. 29-31 :—

*Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,  
Against a sworder.*

9. *Conceit*, conception, imagination.

11. *Debateth with Decay*, holds a discussion with Decay; or combats along with Decay. *Debate* is used frequently by Shakspere in each of these senses.

XVI. The gardening image ‘engraft’ in xv. 14 suggests the thought of ‘maiden gardens’, and ‘living flowers’ of this sonnet.

7. *Bear your living flowers*; ‘bear you’ Lintott, Gildon, Malone, and others; but ‘your living flowers’ stands over against ‘your painted counterfeit’.

8. *Counterfeit*, portrait.

9. *Lines of life*, i.e. children. The unusual expression is selected because it suits the imagery of the sonnet, lines applying to (1) Lineage, (2) delineation with a pencil, a portrait, (3) lines of verse as in xviii. 12. Lines of life are living lines, living poems and pictures, children.

10. *This, Time's pencil*. The Quarto reads ‘this (Times penfel or my pupill pen)’. G. Mafsey conjectures ‘this time's pencil’, adding :—‘This pencil of the time may have been Mirevelt's; he painted the Earl [of Southampton's] portrait in early manhood’. *Shakspere's Sonnets and his Private Friends*,

pp. 115, 116 (note). Are we to understand the line as meaning 'Which this pencil of Time or this my pupil pen'; and is Time here conceived as a limner who has painted the youth so fair, but whose work cannot last for future generations? In xix. 'Devouring Time' is transformed into a scribe; may not 'tyrant Time' be transformed here into a painter? In xx. it is Nature who paints the face of the beautiful youth. This masterpiece of twenty years can endure neither as painted by Time's pencil, nor as represented by Shakspere's unskilful, pupil pen. Is the 'painted counterfeit' of l. 8 Shakspere's portrayal in his verse? Cf. LIII., l. 5.

11. *Fair*, beauty.

XVII. In xvi. Shakspere has said that his 'pupil pen' cannot make his friend live to future ages. He now carries on this thought; his verse, although not showing half his friend's excellencies, will not be believed in times to come.

12. Keats prefixed this line as motto to his *Endymion*; 'stretched metre' means overstrained poetry.

13, 14. If a child were alive his beauty would verify the descriptions in Shakspere's verse, and so the friend would possess a twofold life, in his child and in his poet's rhyme.

XVIII. Shakspere takes heart, expects immortality for his verse, and so immortality for his friend as surviving in it.

3. *May*, a summer month; May in Shakspere's time ran on to within a few days of our mid June. Compare *Cymbeline*, Act i. sc. 3, l. 36:—

*And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
Shakes all our buds from growing.*

5. *Eye of heaven*, so *King Richard II.*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 37, 'the searching eye of heaven'.

10. *That fair thou owest*, that beauty thou possessest.

11, 12. This anticipation of immortality for their verse was a commonplace with the Sonnet-writers of the time of Elizabeth. See Spenser: *Amoretti*, Sonnets 27, 69, 75; Drayton: *Idea*, Sonnets 6, 44; Daniel: *Delia*, Sonnet 39.

XIX. Shakspere, confident of the immortality of his friend in verse, defies Time.

1. *Devouring*. S. Walker conjectures *destroying*.

5. *Fleets*. The Quarto has *fleet'st*; I follow Dyce, believing that Shakspere cared more for his rhyme than his grammar. Compare *confounds*, Sonnet VIII. l. 7.

XX. His friend is 'beauty's pattern', XIX. 12; as such he owns the attributes of male and female beauty.

1. *A woman's face*, but not, as women's faces are, painted by art.

2. *Master-mistress of my passion*, who sways my love with united charms of man and woman. Mr. H. C. Hart suggests to me that *passion* may be used in the old sense of *love-poem*, frequent in Watson.

5. *Leſſeſe in rolling.* Compare Spenser,  
*Faerie Queene*, B. III. c. i. s. 41 :—

*Her wanton eyes (ill ſigues of womanbed)  
Did roll too lightly.*

8. In the Quarto, ‘A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling’. The italics and capital letter suggested to Tyrwhitt that more is meant here than meets the eye, that the Sonnets may have been addressed to some one named Hews or Hughes, and that Mr. W. H. may be Mr. William Hughes. But the following words have also capital letters and are in italics :—Rofe i. 2; Audit IV. 12; Statues LV. 5; Intrim LVI. 9; Alien LXXVIII. 3; Satire c. 11; Autumne CIV. 5; Abifme CXII. 9; Alcumie CXIV. 4; Syren CXIX. 1; Heriticke CXXIV. 9; Informer CXXV. 13; Audite CXXVI. 11; Quietus CXXVI. 12. The word ‘hue’ was used by Elizabethan writers not only in the sense of *complexion*, but also in that of *shape, form*. In *Faerie Queene*, B. v. c. ix. s. 17, 18, Talus tries to seize Malengin, who transforms himself into a fox, a bush, a bird, a stone, and then a hedgehog :—

*Then gan it [the hedgehog] run away incontinent  
Being returned to his former hew.*

The meaning of lines 7, 8 in this Sonnet then may be ‘A man in form and appearance, having the mastery over all forms in that of his, which steals, etc.’ With the phrase ‘controlling hues’ compare Sonnet CVI. 8 :—

*Even ſuch a beauty as you master now.*

11. *Defeated*, defrauded, disappointed; so *A Mid-summer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1, ll. 153-155: -

*They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me,  
You of your wife and me of my consent.*

XXI. The first line of xx. suggests this sonnet. The face of Shakspere's friend is painted by Nature alone, and so too there is no false painting, no poetical hyperbole in the description. As containing examples of such extravagant comparissons, amorous fancies, far-fetched conceits of Sonnet-writers as Shakspere here speaks of, Mr. Main (*Treasury of English Sonnets*, p. 283) cites Spenser's *Amoretti*, 9 and 64; Daniel's *Delia*, 19; Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenope*, Sonnet XLVIII.; compare also Griffin's *Fideffa*, Sonnet XXXIX.; and Constable's *Diana* (1594), the sixth Decade, Sonnet 1.

5. *Making a complement of proud compare*, joining in proud comparissons.

8. *Rondure*, circle, as in *King John*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 259, 'the roundure of your old-faced walls'. Staunton proposes 'vault' in place of 'air' in this line.

12. *Gold candles*, compare 'These blessed candles of the night'. *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v. l. 220; also *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. 5, l. 9; *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 5.

13. *That like of hear/say well*. 'To like of' meaning 'to like' is frequent in Shakspere. Schmidt's explanation is 'that fall in love with what has been

praised by others'; but does it not rather mean, 'that like to be buzzed about by talk'?

14. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 239, 240:—

*Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.*

XXII. The praise of his friend's beauty suggests by contrast Shakspere's own face marred by time. He comforts himself by claiming his friend's beauty as his own. Lines 11-14 give the first hint of possible wrong committed by the youth against friendship.

4. *Expiate*, bring to an end. So *King Richard III.*, Act iii. sc. 3, l. 23:—

*Make haste: the hour of death is expiate*

(changed in the second Folio to 'now expired'). In Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracie*, an old courtier says he is—

*A poor and expiate humour of the court.*

Steevens conjectures in this sonnet *expirate*, which R. Grant White introduces into the text.

10. *As I, etc.*, as I will be wary of myself for thy sake, not my own.

XXIII. The sincerity and silent love of his verses; returning to the thought of xxii.

i, 2. So *Coriolanus*, Act v. sc. 3, ll. 40-42:—

*Like a dull ador now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.*

5. *For fear of trust*, fearing to trust myself. Schmidt explains ‘doubting of being trusted’, but the comparison is to an imperfect actor, who dare not trust himself. Observe the construction of the first eight lines; 5, 6, refer to 1; 2; 7, 8, to 3, 4.

9. *Books*. Sewell has ‘O, let my *looks*’. But the Quarto text is right; so l. 13.

*O learn to read what silent love hath writ.*

The books of which Shakspere speaks are probably the manuscript books in which he writes his sonnets. In support of *looks* H. Isaac cites Spenser: *Amoretti*, 43.

12. *More than, etc.*, more than that tongue (the tongue of another) which hath more fully expressed more ardours of love, or more of your perfections.

XXIV. Suggested by the thought, xxii. 6, of Shakspere’s heart being lodged in his friend’s breast, and by the conceit of xxiii. 14; there eyes are able to hear through love’s fine wit; here eyes do other singular things, play the painter.

1. *Stell’d, fixed: fleeld*, Quarto. Compare *Lucrece*, 1444:—

*To find a face where all distress is stell’d.*

2. *Table*, that on which a picture is painted. Compare *All’s Well that Ends Well*, Act i. sc. 1, ll. 104-106:—

*To fit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart’s table.*

4. *Perspective*. Perspective meant a cunning picture, which seen directly seemed in confusion and seen obliquely became an intelligible composition; also a glas's so cut as to produce optical illusion. See *King Richard II.*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 18. But here does it not simply mean that a painter's highest art is to produce the illusion of distance, one thing seeming to lie behind another; you must look *through* the painter (my eye or myself) to see your picture, the product of his skill, which lies within him (in my heart).

The strange conceits in this sonnet are paralleled in Constable: *Diana* (1594); Sonnet 5, (p. 4, ed. Hazlitt) :—

*Thine eye, the glasse where I behold my heart,  
Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye  
May see my heart, and there thyself' espy  
In bloody colours how thou painted art.*

Compare also Watson's 'The Teares of Fancie', (1593), Sonnets 45, 46 (p. 201, Thomas Watson, Poems, ed. Arber, p. 201):—

*My Mistres seeing her faire counterfet  
So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest*

*But it so fast was fixed to my heart, etc.*

XXV. In this sonnet Shakspere makes his first complaint against Fortune, against his low condition. He is about to undertake a journey on some needful business of his own (xxvi. xxvii.), and rejoices to think that at least in one place he has a fixed abode, in his friend's heart (l. 14).

Thoughts of the cruelty of Fortune reappear and become predominant in xxix.-xxx.

6. *The marigold*: Compare Constable: *Diana*; Sonnet 9:—

*The marigold abroad his leaves doth spread  
Because the sun's and her power are the same,*

and *Lucrece*, l. 397.

There are three plants which claim to be the old Marigold: 1. The marsh marigold; this does not open and close its flowers with the sun. 2. The corn marigold; there is no proof that this was called marigold in Shakspere's day. 3. The garden marigold or Rudes (calendula officinalis); it turns its flowers to the sun, and follows his guidance in their opening and shutting. The old name is goldes; it was the Heliotrope, Solsequium, or Turnefol of our forefathers. (Condensed from 'Marigold', in Ella-combe's '*Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*').

9. *Famoured for fight*. The Quarto reads *for worth*. The emendation is due to Theobald, who 'likewise proposed if *worth* was retained to read *razed forth*'.—Malone. Capell suggested *for might*.

XXVI. In xxv. Shakspere is in disfavour with his stars, and unwillingly—as I suppose—about to undertake some needful journey. He now sends this written embassage to his friend (perhaps it is the *Envoy* to the preceding group of sonnets), and dares to anticipate a time when the 'star that guides his *moving*', now unfavourable, may point on him graciously with fair aspect (l. 10).

Drake writes (*Shakspeare and His Times*, vol. ii. p. 63) :—‘Perhaps one of the most striking proofs of this position [that the Sonnets are addressed to the Earl of Southampton] is the hitherto unnoticed fact that the language of the *Dedication to the Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of the twenty-fifth sonnet are almost precisely the same. The *Dedication* runs thus:—The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end. . . . The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater’. C. [Capell] had previously noted the parallel.

1. 2. Compare *Macbeth*, Act iii. sc. i, ll. 15-18, ‘Duties . . . knit’.

8. *Below it*, lodge it. As in *The Tempest*, Act v. 1. 299:—

*Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.*

Shakspeare says—I hope some happy idea of yours will convey my duty, naked as it is, into your soul’s thought.

12. *Thy sweet respect*, regard. The Quarto reads *their for thy*, an error which occurs several times.

XXVII. Written on a journey, which removes Shakspeare farther and farther from his friend.

3. Modern edd. put a comma after ‘head’. But is not the construction ‘a journey in my head begins to work my mind’?

6. *Intend*, bend, pursue: used frequently of

travel. ‘Cæsar through Syria intends his journey’ *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 200.

10. *Thy*. The Quarto reads *their*. See XXVI. 12.

11, 12. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act i. sc. 5, ll. 47, 48 :—

*It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.*

13, 14. By day my limbs find no quiet, for myself, *i.e.* on account of busines of my own ; by night my mind finds no quiet for thee, *i.e.* thinking of you.

#### XXVIII. A continuation of Sonnet xxvii.

9. Cambridge edd. and Furness read ‘I tell the day, to please him thou art bright’.

12. *Twire*, peep. Compare Ben Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, Act ii. sc. 1 :—

*Which maids will twire at, tween their fingers, thus.*

Marston: *Antonio & Mellida*, Act iv. (Works, vol. i. p. 52, ed. Halliwell), ‘I fawfe a thing stirre under a hedge, and I peep’t, and I spyd a thing, and I peer’d and I tweerd underneath’.

Malone conjectured ‘twirl not’; Steevens, ‘twirk not’; Maffey, ‘tire not’, in the sense of *attire*.

12. *Gild’f*. The Quarto reads ‘guil’ft’.

13, 14. Dyce and others read ‘And night doth nightly make grief’s *strength* seem stronger’, which possibly is right. The meaning of the Quarto text must be: Each day’s journey draws out my sorrows to a greater length ; but this process of drawing-out

does not weaken my sorrows, for my night-thoughts come to make my sorrows as strong as before, nay stronger. C. [Capell] suggested to Malone 'draw my sorrows stronger . . . length seem longer'.

XXIX. These are the night-thoughts referred to in the last line of xxviii.; hence a special appropriateness in the image of the lark rising at break of day.

8. *With what I most enjoy contented leaf.* The preceding line makes it not improbable that Shakespeare is here speaking of his own poems.

12. *Sings hymns at heaven's gate.* Compare *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. 3, ll. 21, 22:—

*Hark, bark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus' gins arise.*

Lily: *Campaspe*, Act V. sc. 1:—

*How at heaven's gates she [the lark] claps her wings,  
The morne not waking till shee sings.*

XXX. Sonnet xxix. was occupied with thoughts of present wants and troubles; xxx. tells of thoughts of past griefs and losses.

1, 2. Compare *Othello*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 138-141, 'apprehensions . . . in fession fit'.

6. *Dateless*, endless, as in Sonnet CLIII., 'a dateless, lively heat, still to endure'.

8. *Moan the expense.* Schmidt explains *expense* as loss, but does not 'moan the expense' mean *pay my account of moans for?* The words are explained by what follows:—

*Tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.*

Malone has a long note idly attempting to show that *sight* is used for *sigh*.

10. *Tell o'er*, count over.

XXXI. Continues the subject of xxx.—Shakspeare's friend compensates all losses in the past.

5. *Obsequious*, funeral, as in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 92, 'To do *obsequious* sorrow'.

6. *Dear religious love*. In *A Lover's Complaint*, the beautiful youth pleads to his love that all earlier hearts which had paid homage to him now yield themselves through him to her service (a thought similar to that of this sonnet); one of these fair admirers was a nun, a sister sanctified, but (l. 250):—

Religious love put out Religion's eye.

8. *In thee lie*. The Quarto reads 'in there lie'.

10. *Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone*. Compare from the same passage of *A Lover's Complaint* (l. 218):—

Lo, all these trophies of affections hot

. . . . must your oblations be.

XXXII. From the thought of dead friends of whom he is the survivor, Shakspeare passes to the thought of his own death, and his friend as the survivor. This sonnet reads like an *Envoy*.

4. *Lover*, commonly used by Elizabethan writers generally for *one who loves another*, without reference to the special passion of love between man and woman. In *Coriolanus*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 13, Menenius says :—

*I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover.*

'Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him that he is his "ever true lover"; and Drayton, in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joseph Davies is *in love with him*'.—MALONE.

5, 6. May we infer from these lines (and 10) that Shakspere had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?

7. *Reserve*, preserve; so *Pericles*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 40, 'Reserve that excellent complexion'.

XXXIII. A new group seems to begin with this sonnet. It introduces the wrongs done to Shakspere by his friend.

4. Compare *King John*, Act iii. sc. 1, ll. 77-80 :—

*The glorious sun  
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist, etc.*

6. *Rack*, a mass of vapoury clouds.

'The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*),' Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, § 115, p. 32, ed. 1658 (quoted by Dyce, *Glossary under rack*). Compare with 5, 6, 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act i. sc. 2, ll. 221-227 :—

*Herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.*

- . 8. *To west*, Steevens proposes to *rest*.
- . 12. *The region cloud*, compare *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 606, ‘the region kites’. Region ‘originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs. In later times the atmosphere was divided into three regions, upper, middle, and lower. By Shakespeare the word is used to denote the air generally’.—Clarendon Press *Hamlet*.
- . 14. *Stain*, used in the transitive and intransitive senses for *dim*. Watson, *Tears of Fancie*, Sonnet LV., says of the sun and the moon ‘his beauty *stains* her brightness’. Faithlessness in friendship is spoken of in the same way as a *stain* in Sonnet cix. 11, 12.

XXXIV. Carries on the idea and metaphor of xxxiii.

- 4. *Rotten smoke*; we find *smoke* meaning vapour in *1 King Henry VI.*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 27: compare *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 121, ‘reek o’ the rotten fens’.

- 12. *Croſſ*, the Quarto reads *loſſe*. The forty-second sonnet confirms the emendation, and explains what this croſſ and this loſſ were:—

*Losing her [his mistress], my friend hath found that  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain, [loſſ];  
And both for my sake lay on me this croſſ.*

See also Sonnet cxxxiii. addressed to his lady, in which Shakspere speaks of himself as 'crossed' by her robbery of his friend's heart; and Sonnet cxxxiv. l. 13, 'Him have I *lost*'.

XXXV. The 'tears' of xxxiv. suggest the opening. Moved to pity, Shakspere will find guilt in himself rather than in his friend.

5, 6. *And even I, etc.*, and even I am faulty in this, that I find precedents for your misdeed by comparisons with roses, fountains, sun, and moon.

7. *Salving thy amis*, Shakspere's friend offers a salve, xxxiv.; see also cxx. 12; here Shakspere in his turn tries to 'salve' his friend's wrong-doing. Capell proposes 'corrupt in salving'.

8. The word *thy* in this line is twice printed *their* in the Quarto. Steevens explains the line thus:— 'Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence'. Stanton proposes 'more than thy sins bear', i.e. I bear more sins than thine.

9. *In sense*, Malone proposed *incense*. Sense here means reason, judgment, discretion. If we receive the present text, 'thy adverse party' (l. 10) must mean Shakspere. But may we read:—

*For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, [i.e.  
judgment, reason]*

*Thy adverse party, as thy advocate.*

Sense—against which he has offended—brought in as his advocate?

14. *Sweet thief, etc.*, compare Sonnet XL. :—

*I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief.*

XXXVI. According to the announcement made in xxxv., Shakspere proceeds to make himself out the guilty party.

1. *We two must be twain.* So *Troilus & Cressida*, Act III. sc. 1, l. 110, ‘She’ll none of him ; they two are twain’.

5. *Respe&t*, regard, as in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 112.

6. *Separable spite.* ‘A cruel fate, that *sprightly* separates us from each other. *Separable for separating*.—MALONE.

9. *Evermore*, ‘Perhaps ever more’.—W. S. WALKER.

10. *My bewailed guilt.* Explained by Spalding and others as ‘the blots that remain with Shakspere on account of his profession’ as an actor. But perhaps the passage means : ‘I may not claim you as a friend, left my relation to the dark woman—now a matter of grief—should convict you of faithlessness in friendship’.

12. *That honour*, i.e. the honour which you give me.

13, 14. These lines are repeated in Sonnet xcvi.

XXXVII. Continues the thought of xxxvi. 13, 14.

3. *I, made lame.* Compare Sonnet LXXXIX. :—

*Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt.*

Shakspere uses ‘to lame’ in the sense of ‘disable’; here the *worth* and *truth* of his friend are set over against the lameness of Shakspere ; the lameness then

is metaphorical; a disability to join in the joyous movement of life, as his friend does. Capell and others conjectured that Shakspere was literally lame.  
 3. *Dearest*, chief, strongest; as in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 182:—

*Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.*

7. *Entitled in thy parts do crowned fit.* The Quarto reads ‘*their parts*’; but the misprint *their* for *thy* happens several times. Schmidt accepts the Quarto text and explains, ‘*i.e.* or more excellencies, having a just claim to the first place as their due. Blundering M. Edd. *e. in thy parts*’. ‘*Entitled* means, I think, ennnobled’.—MALONE. ‘Perhaps’.—DYCE. Perhaps it means ‘having a title in, having a claim upon’, as in *Lucrece*, 57:—

*But beauty in that white [the paleness of Lucrece]  
intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.*

XXXVIII. The same thought as that of the two preceding sonnets: Shakspere will look on, delight in his friend, and sing his praise. In XXXVII. 14, Shakspere is ‘ten times happy’ in his friend’s happiness and glory; thus he receives ten times the inspiration of other poets from his friend who is ‘the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth’ than the old nine Muses.

XXXIX. In XXXVIII. Shakspere declares that he will sing his friend’s praises, but in XXXVII. he had spoken of his friend as the better part of himself.

He now asks how he can with modesty sing the worth of his own better part. Thereupon he returns to the thought of xxxvi. 'we two must be twain'; and now, not only are the two lives to be divided, but 'our dear love'—undivided in xxxvi.—must 'lose name of single one'.

12. *Doth.* The Quarto has 'dost'.

13, 14. Absence teaches how to make of the absent beloved two persons, one, absent in reality, the other, present to imagination.

XL. In xxxix. Shakspere desires that his love and his friend's may be separated, in order that he may give his friend what otherwise he must give also to himself. Now, separated, he gives his beloved all his loves, yet knows that, before the gift, all his was his friend's by right. 'Our love losing name of single one' (xxxix. 6) suggests the manifold loves, mine and thine.

5. Then if for love of me thou receivest her whom I love.

6. *For, because:* I cannot blame thee for using my love, *i.e.* her whom I love.

7, 8. The Quarto has 'this selfe' for thyself. Yet you are to blame if you deceive yourself by an unlawful union while you refuse loyal wedlock.

11. *And yet love knows it.* Printed by many editors, 'And yet, love knows, it'.

XLI. The thought of xl. 13, 'Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows' is carried out in this sonnet.

1. *Pretty wrongs.* Bell and Palgrave read *petty*.

5, 6. Compare 1 *King Henry VI.*, Act v. sc. 3,

ll. 77, 78 :—

*She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;*

*She is a woman, therefore to be won.*

8. *Till she have prevail'd.* The Quarto has ‘till he’, which may be right.

9. *Thou mightst my seat forbear.* Malone reads ‘Thou might’st, my sweet, forbear’; but ‘seat’ is right, and the meaning is explained by *Othello*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 304, (Iago jealous of Othello) :—

*I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat.*

Dr. Ingleby adds, as a parallel, *Lucrece*, 412, 413.

XLII. In xli. 13, 14, Shakspere declares that he loses both friend and mistress; he now goes on to say that the loss of his friend is the greater of the two.

10, 12. The ‘lofs’ and ‘crofs’ of these lines are spoken of in xxxiv.

11. *Both twain.* This is found also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 459.

XLIII. Does this begin a new group of Sonnets?

1. *Wink*, to close the eyes, not necessarily for a moment, but as in sleep. Compare *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. 3, ll. 25, 26 :—

*And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes.*

2. *Unrespected*, unregarded.

4. *And darkly, etc.* And illumined, although closed, are clearly directed in the darkness.

5. *Whose shadow shadows, etc.* Whose image makes bright the shades of night.

6. *Shadow's form,* the form which casts thy shadow.

11. *Thy.* The Quarto has *their.*

13, 14. *All days are nights to see, etc.* Malone proposed 'nights to me'. Steevens defending the Quarto text explains it 'All days are gloomy to behold, i.e. look like nights'. Mr. Lettford proposed:—

*All days are nights to me till thee I see, [thee.  
And nights bright days when dreams do show me*

'To see till I see thee', is probably right in this sonnet, which has a more than common fancy for doubling a word in the same line, as in lines 4, 5, 6.

XLIV. In XLIII. he obtains sight of his friend in dreams; XLIV. expresses the longing of the waking hours to come into his friend's presence by some preternatural means.

4. *Where thou dost stay.* I would be brought where (i.e. to where) thou dost stay.

9. *Thought kills me.* Perhaps 'thought' here means melancholy contemplation, as in *Julius Cæsar* Act II. sc. 1, l. 187, 'Take thought and die for Cæsar'.

10. *So much of earth and water wrought.* So large a proportion of earth and water having entered into my composition. *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 10, 'Does not our life consist of the four elements?' *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. 2, l. 292; *King Henry V.*, Act III. sc. 7, l. 22;

'He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, etc.'

XLV. Sonnet XLIV. tells of the duller elements of earth and water; this sonnet, of the elements of air and fire.

9. *Recured, restored to wholeness and soundness.*  
*Venus & Adonis*, l. 465.

12. *Thy fair health.* The Quarto has *their* for *thy*.

XLVI. As XLIV. and XLV. are a pair of companion sonnets, so are XLVI. and XLVII. The theme of the first pair is the opposition of the four elements in the person of the poet; the theme of the second is the opposition of the heart and the eye, i.e. of love and the senses.

3. *Thy picture's sight.* The Quarto has *their*, so also in lines 8, 13, 14.

10. *A quest of thoughts,* an inquest or jury.

12. *Moiety, portion.*

XLVII. Companion sonnet to the last.

3. *Famished for a look.* Compare Sonnet LXXV.

10. So *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. I, l. 88:—

*Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.*

10. *Art present.* The Quarto has *are*.

11, 12. *Not.* Quarto *nor.* The same thought which appears in XLV.

Compare Sonnets XIX., XX. of Watson's *Tears of Fancie*, 1593 (Watson's Poems, ed. Arber, p. 188):—

*My hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,  
 (Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting) :  
 That they shoulde weepe till loue and fancie dies,  
 Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.  
 Mine eies upon my hart inflid this paine  
 (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)  
 That it shoulde loue and purchase fell disdaine,  
 A grieuous penance which my heart doth proue,  
 Mine eies did weep as hart had them imposed,  
 My hart did pine as eies had it constrained, etc.*

Sonnet xx. continues the same:—

*My hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,*

*Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,  
 And from the eies descended to the hart ;  
 Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise, etc.*

Compare also *Diana* (ed. 1584), Sixth Decade, Sonnet vii. (Arber's *Englyssh Garner*, vol. ii. p. 254); and Drayton, *Idea*, 33.

XLVIII. Line 6 of XLVI., in which Shakspere speaks of keeping his friend in the closet of his breast:—

*A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,*  
 suggests XLVIII.; see lines 9-12. I have said he is safe in my breast; yet ah! I feel he is not.

11. *Gentle cloſure of my breaſt.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 782, ‘the quiet cloſure of my breaſt’.

14. Does not this refer to the woman, who has sworn love (CLII. l. 2), and whose truth to Shakspere (spoken of in XLI. 13) now proves thievish? Compare *Venus & Adonis*, l. 724, ‘Rich preys make true men thieves’.

XLIX. Continues the sad strain with which XLVIII. closes.

3. *Cast his utmost sum*, closed his account and cast up the sum total.

4. *Advised respects*, deliberate, well-considered reasons. So *King John*, Act IV. sc. 2, l. 214.

8. *Reasons*, i.e. for its conversion from the thing it was.

9. *Enfconce*, ‘protect or cover as with a *sconce* or fort’.—DYCE.

10. *Desert*. Quarto *desart*, rhyming with *part*.

L. This sonnet and the next are a pair, as XLIV, XLV. are, and XLVI, XLVII. The journey l. 1 is that spoken of in XLVIII. l. 1.

6. *Dully*. The Quarto has *duly*, but compare LI. 2, ‘my dull bearer’, and l. 11, ‘no dull flesh’.

LI. Companion to L.

6. *Swift extremity*, the extreme of swiftness. So *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 4, l. 17 :—

*Swiftest wing of recompence is slow.*

7. *Mounted on the wind*. So 2 *King Henry IV.* Induction, l. 4, ‘Making the *wind my post-horse*’. Compare *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. 4, l. 38; *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 7, ll. 21-23.

10. *Perfe&beta;* The Quarto has *perfeds*.  
11. Malone and other editors print :—

*Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in, etc.*

i.e. Desire shall neigh, being no dull flesh, etc. But does it not mean, Desire, which is all love, shall neigh,

there being no dull flesh to cumber him as he rushes forward in his fiery race? Compare the neighing stallion of Adonis, *Venus & Adonis*, ll. 300-312.

14. *Go, move step by step, walk, as in The Tempest*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 22.

STEPHANO.—*We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.*

TRINCULO.—*Nor go neither.*

I have placed the last two lines, spoken as I take it, by Love, within inverted commas.

LII. The joy of hope, the hope of meeting his friend spoken of in the last sonnet (LI.).

4. *For blunting*, because it would blunt. So *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 136, ‘Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold’.

7-12. So *I King Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 2, ll. 55-59:—

*Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'r seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, shew'd like a feast  
And won by rarene's such solemnity.*

8. *Captain*, chief. So *Timon of Athens*, Act III. sc. 5, l. 49 (Dyce; but qu.? captain substantive):—‘The als more *captain* than the lion’.

*Carcanet*, necklace, or collar of jewels. *Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. 1, l. 4.

LIII. Not being able, in absence, to possess his friend, he finds his friend’s shadow in all beautiful things.

4. *You*, although but one person, can give off all manner of shadowy images. Shakspere then, to illustrate this, chooses the most beautiful of men, Adonis, and the most beautiful of women, Helen; both are but shadows or counterfeits (*i.e.* pictures, as in Sonnet xvi.) of the ‘master-mistres’ of his passion.

8. *Tires*, head-dresses, or, generally, attire.

9. *Foison*, abundance. As in *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 110. Compare *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 86:—

*For his bounty*

*There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.*

12. *Blessed*. The fancy Shakspere has taken for this word in LII. 1, 11, 13, runs on into this sonnet.

LIV. Continues the thought of LIII. There Shakspere declared that over and above external beauty, more real than that of Helen and Adonis, his friend was pre-eminent for his constancy, his truth. Now he proceeds to celebrate the worth of this truth.

5. *Canker-blooms*, blossoms of the dog-rose. *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 3, l. 28, ‘I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a rose in his grace’.

8. *Discloses*, opens, as in *Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 3, l. 40:—

*The canker galls the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed.*

9. *For their virtue*, because their virtue. *For as* in *Othello*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 263, ‘Haply, *for I am black*’.

10. *Unrespected*, unregarded.

11, 12. See the quotation from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in note on Sonnet v. 9.

14. *When that*, beauty, the general subject of the sonnet; or youth, taken from ‘sweet and lovely youth’ of l. 13.

*Vade, fade*, as in *Passionate Pilgrim*, x. 1.

*By verse*. So the Quarto. Malone reads ‘my verse’.

LV. A continuation of LIV. This looks like an *Envoy*, but LVI. is still a sonnet of absence. See on this sonnet, Introduction, p. xliii.

1. *Monuments*. The Quarto has *monument*.

3. *These contents*, what is contained in this rhyme.

14. *Till the judgement that yourself arise*, till the decree of the judgment-day that you arise from the dead.

LVI. This, like the sonnets immediately preceding, is written in absence (lines 9, 10). The ‘love’ Shakspere addresses, ‘Sweet love, renew thy force’, is the love in his own breast. Is the fight of his friend, of which he speaks, only the imaginative seeing of love; such fancied fight as two betrothed persons may have although severed by the ocean?

6. *Wink*. See note on XLIII. 1. Here, to sleep as after a full meal.

8. *Dullness*. Taken in connection with ‘wink’, meaning sleep, *dullness* seems to mean *drowsiness*, as

when Prospero says of Miranda's slumber (*The Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, l. 185) "'Tis a good dulness'.

13. *Or.* The Quarto has *As.* Mr. Palgrave reads *E/e.*

LVII. The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakspere's friend.

5. *World-without-end hour,* the tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So *Love's Labour's Loft*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 799, 'a world-without-end bargain'.

13. *Will.* The Quarto has Will (capital 'W', but not italics). If a play on words is intended, it must be 'Love in your Will (*i.e.* your Will Shakspere) can think no evil of you, do what you please'; and also 'Love can discover no evil in your will'.

LVIII. A close continuation of LVII.; growing distrust in his friend, with a determination to resist such a feeling. Hence the attempt to disqualify himself for judging his friend's conduct, by taking the place of a vassal, a servant, a slave, in relation to a sovereign.

6. *The imprison'd absence of your liberty,* the separation from you, which is proper to your state of freedom, but which to me is imprisonment. Or the want of such liberty as you possess, which I, a prisoner, suffer.

8. *Tame to sufferance,* bearing tamely even cruel distresses; or, tame even to the point of entire submission.

11. *To what you will.* Malone reads 'time : Do what you will'.

LIX. Is this connected with the preceding sonnet? or a new starting-point? Immortality conferred by verse, LIV.-LV., is again taken up in Sonnet LX. connected with LIX., and jealousy, LVII. in LXI.

8. *Since mind, etc.*, 'Since thought was first expressed in writing'.—Schmidt.

11. *Whether, etc.* 'Whether' is often monosyllabic in Elizabethan verse. In this line the Quarto prints the second 'whether' *where*; so in *Venus & Adonis*, l. 304, 'And where he run or fly they know not whether'. The Cambridge editors read 'Whether we are mended, or whether better they'. Dyce reads 'Whether we're mended or whēr better they'.

12. *Or whether, etc., i.e. whether the ages, revolving on themselves, return to the same things.*

LX. The thought of revolution, the revolving ages, LIX. 12, sets the poet thinking of changes wrought by time.

5. *The main of light;* The entrance of a child into the world at birth is an entrance into the main or ocean of light; the image is suggested by l. 1, where our minutes are compared to waves.

*Flourish set on youth,* external decoration of youth. So in Nash's *Summer's Last Will & Testament* (Hazlitt's *Dod sley*, vol. viii. p. 73), 'Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on'.

10. Compare Sonnet II. 1, 2.

13. *Times in hope,* future times.

LXI. The jealous feeling of LVII. reappears in this sonnet.

7. *Idle hours.* So in the dedication of *Venus & Adonis*, 'I . . . vowe to take advantage of all *idle hours*, till I have honoured you with some graver labour'.

11. *Defeat, destroy.* *Othello*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 160, 'His unkindness may *defeat* my life'.

LXII. Perhaps the thought of jealousy in LXI. suggests this. 'How self-loving to suppose my friend could be jealous of such an one as I—beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity! My apology for supposing that others could make love to me is that my friend's beauty is mine by right of friendship.'

7. *And for myself, etc.* Sidney Walker conjectures '*so define*'; Lettsom '*And so myself*'. Does '*for myself*' mean '*for my own satisfaction*'?

8. *As I, [define]* in such a way that I.

10. *Beated and chopp'd.* '*Beated* was perhaps a misprint for *bated*. *Bated* is properly *overthrown; laid low; abated*; from *abattre*, Fr. . . . *Beated*, however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. . . . In *King Henry V.* we find *castled*, and in *Macbeth*, *thrusted*'.—MALONE.

Steevens conjectured *blated*; Collier, *beaten*. Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 32, 'These griefs and losses have so *bated* me'.

*Chopp'd.* Dyce reads *chapp'd*.

13. *'Tis thee, myself, etc.* "Tis thee my *alter ego*, my second self, that I praise as if myself.

LXIII. Obviously in close continuation of LXII.

5. *Steepy night.* So *King Richard III.*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 16; ‘dimm’d your *infant morn* to *aged night*’. The epithet ‘steepy’ is explained by Sonnet vii. 5, 6. Youth and age are on the steep ascent, and the steep decline of heaven.

9. *For such a time.* In anticipation of such a time.

*Fortify,* erect defensive works. Compare ‘the wreckful siege of battering days’, Sonnet lxv. 6.

LXIV. In lxiii. 12, the thought of the loss of his ‘lover’s life’ occurs; this sonnet (see l. 12) carries on the train of reflection there started. ‘Time’s fell hand’, l. 1 repeats ‘Time’s injurious hand’ of LXIII. 2.

5, 9. Compare 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act iii. sc. 1, ll. 45-53:—

*O God! that one might read the book of fate  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune’s hips.*

The king goes on to meditate on the ‘interchange of state’ in his time in England.

13. *Which cannot choose;* this thought, which cannot choose, etc., is as a death.

LXV. In close connexion with LXIV. The first line enumerates the conquests of time recorded in LXIV. 1-8.

3. *This rage.* Malone proposed ‘*his rage*’.

4. *Action*. Is this word used here in a legal sense? suggested perhaps by 'hold a plea' of l. 3.

6. *Wreckful siege*. See Sonnet LXIII. 9, and note.

10. *Time's chest*. Theobald proposed 'Time's *quest*'. Malone shows that the image of a jewel in its chest or casket is a favourite one with Shakspere. See Sonnet XLVIII., *King Richard II.*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 180; *King John*, Act V. sc. 1, l. 40.

12. *Of beauty*. The Quarto has *or*, a manifest error.

LXVI. From the thought of his friend's death Shakspere turns to think of his own, and of the ills of life from which death would deliver him.

1. *All these*. The evils enumerated in the following lines.

4. *Unhappily, evilly*. See in Schmidt's Shakespeare-Lexicon the words, *unhappied*, *unhappily*, *unhappiness*, and *unhappy*.

9. *Art made tongue-tied by authority*; *art* is commonly used by Shakspere for letters, learning, science. Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?

11. *Simplicity*, i.e. in the sense of folly.

LXVII. In close connexion with LXVI. Why should my friend continue to live in this evil world?

4. *Lace*, embellish, as in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 118.

6. *Dead seeming*. Why should painting steal the *lifeless appearance* of beauty from his living hue? Capell and Farmer conjecture *seeming*.

12. *Proud of many lives, etc.* Nature, while she boasts of many beautiful persons, really has no treasure of beauty except his.

13. *Stores.* See note on Sonnet xi. 9.

LXVIII. Carries on the thought of LXVII. 13, 14; compare the last two lines of both sonnets.

1. *Map of days out-worn*, compare *Lucrece*, l. 1350, 'this pattern of the worn-out age'. 'Map', a picture or outline. *King Richard II.*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 12, 'Thou map of honour'.

3. *Fair*, beauty.

*Born.* The Quarto prints *borne*, and so Malone. But the Quarto *borne* probably is our *born*, the word 'bastard' suggesting the idea of birth.

5, 6. Malone notes that Shakspere has inveighed against the practice of wearing false hair in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. 2, ll. 92-96, and again in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. sc. 3, l. 144.

10. *Without all ornament*, all, i.e. any, as Sonnet LXXIV. 2, 'without all bairl'.

*Itself.* Malone proposed *himself*.

LXIX. From the thought of his friend's external beauty Shakspere turns to think of the beauty of his mind, and the popular report against it.

3. *Due.* The Quarto has *end*, which, Malone observes, arose from the printer transposing the letters of *due*, and inverting the *u*; but more probably the printer's eye caught the *end* of 'mend' l. 2, and his fingers repeated it in the next line.

5. *Thy outward.* The Quarto has *Their out-*

*ward*; Malone read *Thine*, but *thy* is sometimes found before a vowel, and the mistake ‘*their*’ for ‘*thy*’ is of frequent occurrence in the Quarto.

14. *The foil is this.* The Quarto has *solye*. Malone and Dyce read *solve*. Caldecott conjectures *foil*. The Cambridge editors write: ‘As the verb “to foil” is not uncommon in Old English, meaning “to solve”, as for example: “This question could not one of them all foile” (*Udal's Erasmus, Luke*, fol. 134 b), so the substantive “foil” may be used in the sense of “solution”. The play upon words thus suggested is in the author’s manner’.

LXX. Continues the subject of the last Sonnet, and defends his friend from the suspicion and slander of the time.

3. *Susped*, suspicion, as in l. 13, and *Venus & Adonis*, l. 1010.

6. *Thy worth.* The Quarto has *their*.

*Being woo'd of time.* ‘Time is used by our early writers as equivalent to the modern expression, *the times*’.—Hunter, *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 240. Hunter quotes *King Richard III.*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 106, where, however, the proposed meaning seems doubtful. Steevens quotes from Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of His Humour*, Prologue, ‘Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time,’ i.e. the times. ‘Being woo'd of time’ seems, then, to mean being solicited or tempted by the present times. Malone conjectured and withdrew ‘being void of crime’. C. [probably Capell] suggested ‘being wood of time,’ i.e. slander being wood or frantic. Delius

proposes ‘weigh’d of time’, Staunton, ‘being woo’d of crime’.

7. *For canker vice, etc.* So *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A&T i. sc. 1, l. 43 :—

*In the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells.*

14. *Owe, own, posses.*

LXXI. Shakspere goes back to the thought of his own death, from which he was led away by LXVI. 14, ‘to die, I leave my love alone’. The world in this sonnet is the ‘vile world’ described in LXVI.

2. *The surly fullen bell.* Compare 2 *King Henry IV.*, A&T i. sc. 1, l. 102 :—

*A fullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.*

10. *Compounded am with clay.* 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 5, l. 116 :—

*Only compound me with forgotten dust.*

LXXII. In close continuation of LXXI. ‘When I die let my memory die with me’.

LXXIII. Still, as in LXXI.-LXXII. thoughts of approaching death.

2. Compare *Macbeth*, Act V. sc. 3, l. 23 :—

*My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.*

3. *Bare ruin'd choirs.* The Quarto has ‘*r'n'wd quiers*’. The edition of 1640 made the correction. Capell propofed ‘Barren'd of quires’. Malone compares with this paſſage *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 60-64 :—

*Then was I as a tree  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,  
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather ;*

and *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 3, ll. 263-266.

7. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. 3, l. 87 :—

*And by and by a cloud takes all away.*

12. *Consumed, etc.* Wasting away on the dead ashes which once nourished it with living flame.

LXXIV. In immediate continuation of LXXXIII.

1, 2. The Quarto has no stop after *contented*.  
*That fell arrest.* So *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. 2, ll. 347, 348 :—

*Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest.*

11. *The coward conquest, etc.* Does Shakspere merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe’s death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to dissection of dead

bodies? Or is it 'Confounding age's cruel knife' of LXXXIII. l. 10?

13, 14. *The worth, etc.* The worth of that (my body) is that which it contains (my spirit), and that (my spirit) is this (my poems).

LXXV. The last Sonnet, LXXXIV., seems to me like an *Envoy*, and perhaps a new manuscript book of Sonnets begins with LXXXV.-LXXXVII.

3. *And for the peace of you,* the peace, content, to be found in you; antithesis to *briefe*.

*Doubting the filching age, etc.* Perhaps this is the first allusion to the poet, Shakspere's rival in his friend's favour.

8. *Better'd.* H. Isaac proposes *better*.

10. *Clean starved for a look.* See Sonnet XLVII. 3, and note.

11, 12. Possessing no delight fave what is had from you, pursuing none fave what must be taken from you.

14. 'That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board,—all being *away*'.—MALONE.

LXXVI. Is this an apology for Shakspere's own Sonnets—of which his friend begins to weary—in contrast with the verses of the rival poet, spoken of in LXXXVIII.-LXXX.?

6. *Keep invention in a noted weed,* keep imagination, or poetic creation, in a drefs which is observed and known.

7. *Tell.* The Quarto has *fel*.

8. *Where.* Capell proposed *whence*.

LXXVII. ‘Probably’, says Steevens, ‘this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper’. ‘This conjecture’, says Malone, ‘appears to me extremely probable’. If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspere, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript-book with Sonnet LXXV., and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in LXXVI., here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself (see note below; l. 12). Beauty, Time, and Verse formed the theme of many of Shakspere’s sonnets; now that he will write no more, he commands his friend to his *glas*, where he may discover the truth about his *beauty*; to the *dial*, where he may learn the progress of *time*; and to this *book*, which he himself—not Shakspere—must fill. C. A. Brown and Henry Brown treat this sonnet as an *Envoy*.

4. *This book.* Malone proposed ‘*thy book*’.

6. *Mouthed graves.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 757, ‘A swallowing grave’.

10. *Blanks.* The Quarto has *blacks*: the correction is from Theobald.

12. Perhaps this is said with some feeling of wounded love—my verses have grown monotonous and wearisome; write yourself, and you will find novelty in your own thoughts when once delivered from your brain and set down by your pen. Perhaps, also, ‘this learning mayst thou taste’, l. 4, is suggested by the fact that Shakspere is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you

learning ; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them.

LXXXVIII. Shakspere, I suppose, receives some renewed profession of love from his friend, and again addresses him in verse, openly speaking of the cause of his estrangement, the favour with which his friend regards the rival poet.

3. *Got my use*, acquired my habit [of writing verse to you].

6. *Heavy ignorance*. So *Othello*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 144, ‘*O heavy ignorance!*’

*Fly*. The Quarto has *flee*.

7. *The learned’s wing*. Quarto, *learneds*. Compare Spenser’s *Teares of the Muses* :—

*Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the learneds task upon him take.*—DYCE.

9. *Compile*, write, compose. So Sonnet LXXXV. 2, ‘Comments of your praise, richly compiled’; *Love’s Labour’s Loft*, Act IV. sc. 3, l. 134.

12. *Arts*, learning, scholarship, *Love’s Labour’s Loft*, Act 2, sc. 1, l. 45.

13. *Advance*, lift up. As in *The Tempest*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 408 :—

*The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance.*

LXXXIX. In continuation of Sonnet LXXXVIII.

5. *Thy lovely argument*, the lovely theme of your beauty and worth.

LXXX. Same subject continued.

2. *A better spirit.* For the conjectures made with respect to this 'better spirit', see the Introduction, pages xxxvi.-xxxix.

6, 7. *The humble, etc.* Compare *Troilus & Cressida*, Act I. sc. 3, ll. 34-42: where's then the saucy boat?

LXXXI. After depreciating his own verse in comparison with that of the rival poet, Shakspere here takes heart, and asserts that he will by verse confer immortality on his friend, though his own name may be forgotten.

1. *Or I.* Staunton proposes 'Wh'er I', i.e. Whether I.

12. *Breathers of this world;* this world, i.e. this age. Compare *As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 297: 'I will chide no breather in the world but myself'. Sidney Walker proposes to point as follows:—

Shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;  
When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
You still shall live, etc.

It is rare, however, with Shakspere to let the verse run on without a pause at the twelfth line of the sonnet.

LXXXII. His friend had perhaps alleged in playful self-justification that he had not married Shakspere's Muse, vowing to forsake all other and keep him only unto her.

3. *Dedicated words.* This may only mean *devoted words*, but probably has reference, as the next line seems to show, to the words of some dedication prefixed to a book.

5. *Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.* Shakspere had celebrated his friend's beauty (hue); perhaps his learned rival had celebrated the patron's knowledge; such excellence reached 'a limit past the praise' of Shakspere, who knew small Latin and less Greek.

11. *Sympathiz'd*, answered to, tallied. So *Lucrece*, l. 1113 :—

*True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
When with like semblance it is sympathized.*

LXXXIII. Takes up the last lines of LXXXII. and continues the same theme.

2. *Fair*, beauty.

5. *Slept in your report*, neglected to sound your praises.

7. *Modern*, trite, ordinary, common. So *Antony & Cleopatra*, A&C v. sc. 2, l. 167.

8. *What worth.* Malone suggested 'that worth'.

12. *Bring a tomb.* Compare Sonnet xvii. 3.

LXXXIV. Continues the same theme. Which of us, the rival poet or I, can say more than that you are you?

1, 4. Staunton proposes to omit the note of interrogation after *moſt* (l. 1) and to introduce one after *grew* (l. 4).

8. *Story.* W. S. Walker proposes to retain the period of the Quarto after *story*—perhaps rightly.

14. *Being fond on praise,* doting on praise. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 266:—

*That he may prove*

*More fond on her than she upon her love.*

Palgrave has ‘of praise’.

LXXXV. Continues the subject of LXXXIV. Shakspere's friend is fond on praise; Shakspere's Muse is silent while others compile comments of his praise.

1. *My tongue-tied Muse.* Compare Sonnet LXXX. 4.

2. *Compiled.* See note on Sonnet LXXVIII. 9.

3. *Reserve their character.* *Reserve* has here, says Malone, the sense of preserve; see Sonnet XXXII. 7. But what does ‘preserve their character’ mean? An anonymous emender suggests ‘Rehearfe thy’, or ‘Rehearfe your’. Possibly ‘Deserve their character’ may be right, i.e. ‘deserve to be written’.

4. *Filed,* polished, refined (as if rubbed with a file). *Love's Labour's Loft*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 11, ‘his tongue filed’. See note on Sonnet LXXXVI. 13.

11. *But that, i.e.* that which I add.

LXXXVI. Continues the subject of LXXXV., and explains the cause of Shakspere's silence.

1. *Proud full sail.* The same metaphor which appears in Sonnet LXXX.

4. *Making their tomb the womb, etc.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 9:—

*The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;*  
*What is her burying grave that is her womb.*

5-10. See Introduction, pages xxxvii.-xxxix.

8. *Afoni'b'd*, stunned as by a thunder-stroke, as in *Lucrece*, l. 1730.

13. *Fil'd up his line*. Malone, Steevens, Dyce, read *fil'd*, i.e. polished. Steevens quotes Ben Jonson's *Verses on Shakespeare*:

*In his well-torned and true-filed lines.*

But 'fill'd up his line' is opposed to 'then lack'd I matter'. *Filed* in LXXXV. 4, is printed in the Quarto *fil'd*; *filled* is printed XVII. 2; LXIII. 3, as it is in this passage *fil'd*.

LXXXVII. Increasing coldness on his friend's part brings Shakspere to the point of declaring that all is over between them. This sonnet in form is distinguished by double-rhymes throughout.

4. *Determinate*, limited; or out of date, expired.  
‘The term is used in legal conveyances’.—MALONE.

8. *Patent*, privilege. As in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 80, ‘my virgin patent’.

11. *Upon misprision growing*, a mistake having arisen. I *King Henry IV.*, Act I. sc. 3, l. 27, ‘misprision is guilty of this fault’.

13. *As some dream doth flatter*. So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act V. sc. 1, ll. 1, 2:—

*If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.*

LXXXVIII. In continuation. Shakspere still asserts his own devotion, though his unfaithful

friend not only should forsake him, but even hold him in scorn.

1. *Set me light*, esteem me little. So *King Richard II.*, Act I. sc. 3, l. 293.

8. *Shalt*. Quarto, *shall*.

LXXXIX. Continues the subject of LXXXVIII., showing how Shakspere will take part with his friend against himself.

3. *My lameness*. See note on Sonnet XXXVII. 3.

6. *To set a form, etc.*, to give a becoming appearance to the change which you desire. So *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 233 :—

*Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.*

8. *I will acquaintance strangle*, put an end to our familiarity. So *Twelfth Night*, Act V. sc. 1, l. 150; *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 6, l. 130: ‘You shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very *strangler* of their amity’.

13. *Debate*, contest, quarrel. 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 4, l. 2: ‘this *debate* that bleedeth at our door’.

XC. Takes up the last word of LXXXIX., and pleads pathetically for hatred; for the worst, speedily, if at all.

6. *The rearward of a conquer'd woe*. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act IV. sc. 1, l. 128 :—

*Thought I thy spirit were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life.*

13. *Strains of woe.* So *Much Ado About Nothing*,  
Act v. sc. 1, l. 12 :—

*Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine  
And let it answer every strain for strain.*

XCI. Having in xc. thought of his own persecution at the hand of Fortune, Shakspere here contrasts his state with that of the favorites of Fortune, maintaining that if he had but assured possession of his friend's love, he would lack none of their good things.

4. *Horse.* Probably the plural, meaning *horses*, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Induction*, l. 61.  
1 King Henry vi., Act i. sc. 5, l. 31.

10. *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.* So *Cymbeline*, Act iii. sc. 3, ll. 23, 24 :—

*Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.*

XCII. In close connexion with xcii. This sonnet argues for the contradictory of the last two lines of that immediately preceding it. No: you cannot make me wretched by taking away your love, for with such a loss, death must come and free me from sorrow.

10. *My life on thy revolt doth lie,* my life hangs upon, is dependent on, your desertion, *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 4, l. 12 :—

*Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.*

Compare Sonnet xciii. 4.

XCIII. Carries on the thought of the last line of  
xcii.

11, 12. So *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 12 :—

*There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.*

XCIV. In xciii. Shakspere has described his friend as able to show a sweet face while harbouring false thoughts ; the subject is enlarged on in the present Sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving yet keep a cool heart, who move passion in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves—they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them ; whereas passionate intemperate natures squander their endowments ; those who can assume this or that semblance as they see reason are the masters and owners of their faces ; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity ; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let such an one beware of corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers.

6. *Expense*, expenditure, and so lofs.

11. *Base*. Staunton proposes *foul*.

12. *The basest weed*. Sidney Walker proposes '*the bareſt weed*'.

14. *Lilies, etc.* This line occurs in *King Edward III.*, Act II. sc. 1 (near the close of the scene). I quote the passage that the reader may see how the line comes into the play, and form an opinion as to whether play or sonnet has the right of first ownership in it.

*A spacious field of reasons could I urge  
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame :  
That poison shows worst in a golden cup ;  
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash ;  
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds ;  
And every glory, that inclines to sin,  
The shame is treble by the opposite.*

It should be remembered that several critics assign to Shakspere a portion of this play, which was first printed in 1596. In a scene ascribed to Shakspere occur the lines which have been quoted.

*Fester, rot.* As in *Romeo & Juliet*, Act IV. sc. 3, l. 43.

XCV. Continues the warning of xciv. 13, 14. Though now you seem to make shame beautiful, beware! a time will come when it may be otherwife.

8. *Naming thy name blesses, etc.* *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 2, ll. 243-245 :—

*Vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.*

XCVI. Continues the subject of xcv. Pleads against the misuse of his friend's gifts; against youthful licentiousness.

2. *Gentle sport.* As in the last sonnet 'making lascivious comments on thy sport'.

3. *More and less*, great and small, as in *1 King Henry IV.*, Act iv. sc. 3, l. 68:—

*The more and less came in with cap and knee.*

9, 10. The same thought expressed in different imagery appears in xciii.

*Translate, transform;* as in *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 1, l. 113.

12. *The strength of all thy state*, the strength of all thy majesty, splendour. Schmidt says 'used periphrastically, and = all thy strength'.

13, 14. The same couplet closes Sonnet xxxvi.

XCVII. A new group of Sonnets seems to begin here.

5. *This time removed.* This time of absence. *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 92, 'A twenty years removed thing'.

6. *The teeming autumn, etc.* So *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 1, ll. 111-114, 'The childing autumn'. Isaac proposes *Then teeming*.

7. *Prime, spring.*

10. *Hope of orphans*, such hope as orphans bring; or, expectation of the birth of children whose father is dead. Staunton proposes '*crop* of orphans'.

XCVIII. The subject of xcvii. is Absence in

Summer and Autumn; the subject of xcviij.-ix.  
Absence in Spring.

2, 3. *Proud-pied April*, etc. So *Romeo & Juliet*,  
Act i. sc. 2, l. 27 :—

*Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads.*

4. *That*. So that.

7. *Summer's story*. ‘By a summer's story’ Shakespeare seems to have meant some gay fiction. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, “a sad tale's best for winter”. So also in *Cymbeline*, Act iii. sc. 4, ll. 12-14 :—

—if it be summer news,  
Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still’. MALONE.

8. *The lily's white*. The Quarto has *lilies*; so Malone and other editors.

11. *They were but sweet*. Malone proposed ‘they were, my sweet, but, etc.’ The poet declares, as Steevens says, that the flowers ‘are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend’. Lettsom proposes, ‘They were but fleeting figures of delight’.

XCIX. In connexion with the last line of Sonnet xcviij. The present sonnet has fifteen lines.

6. *Condemned for thy hand*, condemned for theft of the whiteness of thy hand.

7. *And buds of marjoram, etc.* Compare Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, Act IV. sc. 1 :—

*Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of marjoram;  
Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing.*

Mr. H. C. Hart tells me that buds of marjoram are dark purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn I suppose would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour but perfume from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells', and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters'. Cole (*Adam in Eden*, ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up'.

8. *On thorns did stand*. To 'stand on thorns' is an old proverbial phrase.

9. *One*. The Quarto has 'our'.

12. *A vengeful canker eat him, etc.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 656 :—

*This canker that eats up Love's tender spring.*

14. *But sweet*. Sidney Walker proposes *scent*.

C. Written after a cessation from sonnet-writing, during which Shakspere had been engaged in author-

ship,—writing plays for the public as I suppose, instead of poems for his friend.

3. *Fury*, poetic enthusiasm, as in *Love's Labour's Loft*, A&T IV. sc. 3, l. 229.

9. *Reſty*, torpid; ‘*Resty, piger, lensus*’, Coles’s *Latin and English Dictionary* (quoted by Dyce).

11. *Satire*. ‘*Satire is satiris*’. Jonfon, *Masque of Time Vindicated*, Gifford, vol. viii. p. 5:—

*Who's this?*

EARS. ‘*Tis Chronomafix, the brave satyr.*

NOSE. *The gentleman-like satyr, cares for nobody.*

*Poetaſter*, v. 1, vol. ii. p. 524:—

‘*The honest satyr hath the happiest soul*’.

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14. *Prevant'ſt*, doſt frustrate by anticipating.

CI. Continues the address to his muse, calling on her to sing again the praises of his friend; c. calls on her to praise his beauty; ci. his ‘truth in beauty dyed’.

6. *His colour*, the colour of my love (*i.e.* my friend).

7. *To lay*, to spread on a surface, to lay on. *Twelfth Night*, A&T I. sc. 5, l. 258:—

‘*Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.*

CII. In continuation. An apology for having ceased to sing.

3. *That love is merchandiz'd*, etc. So in *Love's Labour's Loft*, A&T II. sc. 1, ll. 13-16:—

*My beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.*

7. *Summer's front.* So *A Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 3 :—

*No shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front.*

8. *Her pipe.* The Quarto has ‘*his pipe*’. Compare *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 32.

CIII. Continues the same apology.

3. *The argument, all bare,* the theme of my verse merely as it is in itself.

6, 7. So *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 10 :—

*For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise  
And make it halt behind her.*

9, 10. So *King Lear*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 369 :—

*Striving to better, oft we mar what's well,*

and *King John*, Act iv. sc. 2, ll. 28, 29.

CIV. Resumes the subject from which the poet started in Sonnet c. After absence and cessation from song, he resurveys his friend's face, and inquires whether Time has stolen away any of its beauty. Note the important reference to time, three years ‘since first I saw you fresh’.

2. *Eyed.* So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, ‘I ear'd her language’.

3. *Three winters cold.* Dyce reads ‘winters’ cold’. The Quarto in 3, 4, has ‘Winters cold . . . summers pride’.

4. *Three summers’ pride.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 10 :—

*Let two more summers wither in their pride.*

10. *Steal from his figure,* creep from the figure on the dial. So in Sonnet LXXVII., ‘thy dial’s shady health’.

13. *For fear of which,* because I fear which.

CV. To the beauty praised in c., and the truth and beauty in cr., Shakspere now adds a third perfection, kindnes; and these three sum up the perfections of his friend.

1, 4. *Let not my love, etc.* ‘Because the continual repetition of the same praises seemed like a form of worship’.—W. S. WALKER. Cf. cvIII. 1-8.

CVI. The last line of Sonnet cv. declares that his friend’s perfections were never before possessed by one person. This leads the poet to gaze backward on the famous persons of former ages, men and women, his friend being possessor of the united perfections of both man and woman (as in Sonnets xx. and LIII).

8. *Master,* posses, own as a master. So *King Henry V.*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 137 :—

*You'll find a difference*

. . . . .  
*Between the promise of his greener days  
And these be masters now.*  
. . . . .

9. Compare Constable's *Diana* :—

*Miracle of the world I never will deny  
That former poets praise the beauty of their days;  
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,  
And all those poets did of thee but prophecy.*

12. *They had not skill enough.* The Quarto has  
'*skill enough*'.

CVII. Continues the celebration of his friend, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massley explains this sonnet as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. Elizabeth (Cynthia) is the eclipsed mortal moon of l. 5; compare *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. 13, l. 153 :—

*Alack, our terrene moon (i.e. Cleopatra)  
Is now eclipsed.*

But an earlier reference to a moon-eclipse (xxxv. l. 3) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright. I interpret (as Mr. Simpson does, *Philosophy of Shakspere's Sonnets*, p. 79) : 'Not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane, Sonnet crv. 9-14) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (Sonnet cvi.), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darkness and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions

falsified, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; the love in my heart is fresh and young (see cvii. l. 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both shall find life in the memories of men.

4. *Supposed, etc.*, supposed to be a lease expiring within a limited term.

10. *My love looks fresh.* I am not sure whether this means 'the love in my heart', or 'my love' = my friend. Compare civ. l. 8, and cviii. l. 9.

*Subscribes*, submits. As in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 81.

12. *Infusil o'er, triumphs over.* As in 3 King Henry VI., Act I. sc. 3, l. 14.

CVIII. How can 'this poor rhyme' which is to give us both unending life (cvii. 10-14) be carried on? Only by saying over again the same old things. But eternal love, in 'love's fresh case' (an echo of 'my love looks fresh', cvii. 10), knows no age, and finds what is old still fresh and young.

3. *What new to register.* So Malone. The Quarto has 'What now'. Sidney Walker conjectures 'what's now to speak, what now, etc.'.

5. *Nothing sweet boy.* Altered in ed. 1640 to 'Nothing sweet love'.

9. *Love's fresh case*, love's new condition and circumstances, the new youth of love spoken of cvii.

10. But Schmidt explains 'case' here as 'question of law, cause, question in general'; and Malone says 'By the *case of love* the poet means his own compositions'.

13, 14. Finding the first conception of love, *i.e.* love as passionate as at first, felt by one whose years and outward form show the effects of age.

CIX. The first ardour of love is now renewed as in the days of early friendship (CVIII. 13, 14). But what of the interval of absence and estrangement? Shakspere confesses his wanderings, yet declares that he was never wholly false.

2. *Qualify*, temper, moderate, as in *Troilus & Cressida*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 118.

4. *My soul which in thy breast doth lie*. So *King Richard III.*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 204 :—

*Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.*

7. *Just to the time, not with the time exchanged*, punctual to the time, not altered with the time. So Jessica in her boy's disguise, *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. 6, l. 35 :—

*I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange.*

11. *Stain'd*. Staunton proposes 'strain'd'.

14. *My rose*. Shakspere returns to the loving name which he has given his friend in Sonnet 1.

CX. In cix. Shakspere has spoken of having wandered from his 'home of love'; here he continues the subject, 'Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there'. This sonnet and the next are commonly taken to express distaste for his life as a player.

2. *A motley*, a wearer of motley, a fool or jester.

3. *Gored mine own thoughts*, deeply wounded my own thoughts. *Troilus & Cressida*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 228 : 'My fame is shrewdly gored'. *King Lear*, Act V. sc. 3, l. 320.

4. *Made old offences, etc.*, entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love.

6. *Strangely*, in a distant, mistrustful way.

7. *Blenches*, starts aside. *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. 5, l. 5 :—

*Sometimes you do blench from this to that.*

9. *Now all is done, have what shall have no end.* Malone accepted Tyrwhitt's conjecture, 'Now all is done *sav'e*, etc.'; but the meaning is, 'Now that all my wanderings and errors are over, take love which has no end'.

10. *Grind*, i.e. whet.

11. *Newer proof*, newer trial or experiment.

12. This line seems to be a reminiscence of the thoughts expressed in Sonnet cv., and to refer to the First Commandment.

CXI. Continues the apology for his wanderings of heart, ascribing them to his ill fortune—that, as commonly understood, which compels him to a player's way of life.

1. *With Fortune*. The Quarto has '*wish* fortune'.

10. *Eisel, 'gainst my strong infedion.* *Eisel* or

*eyfell* is vinegar. O. Fr. *aiffel*, Gr. ὄξαλις. Skelton (quoted in Nares's Glossary) says of Jesus—

*He drank eisel and gall.*

'Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers'.—MALONE.

CXII. Takes up the word 'pity' from CXI. 14, and declares that his friend's love and pity compensate the dishonours of his life, spoken of in the last sonnet.

4. *Allow*, approve, as in *King Lear*; Act II. sc. 4, l. 194.

7, 8. No one living for me except you, nor I alive to any, who can change my feelings fixed as steel either for good or ill (either to pleasure or pain). Malone proposed 'e'er changes'. Knight, 'so changes.' 'Sense' may be the plural.

11. *Critic*, censor, as in *Troilus & Cressida*, Act V. sc. 2, l. 131.

12. *Dispense with*, excuse, pardon. So *Lucrece*, l. 1070, and l. 1279:—

*Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense.*

13. *So strongly in my purpose bred*. Schmidt gives as an explanation: 'So kept and harboured in my thoughts'.

14. *They're dead*. The Quarto has 'y'are'. Malone (1780) reads 'are', (1790) 'they are'; Dyce 'they're'. The Quarto y' = th' = they.

CXIII. In connexion with CXII.; the writer's mind and senses are filled with his friend; in CXIL he tells how his ear is stopped to all other voices but one beloved voice; here he tells how his eye sees things only as related to his friend.

1. *Mine eye is in my mind.* *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 185: 'In my mind's eye, Horatio'. So too *Lucrece*, l. 1426.

3. *Part his function*, divide its function.

6. *Latch*, catch, seize. *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. 3, l. 195:—

*I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air  
Where hearing should not latch them.*

The Quarto has 'lack'.

10. *Favour*, aspect, appearance, countenance, as in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. 2, l. 185.

14. *Mine untrue.* If we accept this, the text of the Quarto, we must hold 'untrue' to be a substantive; explaining, with Malone, 'The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, i.e. my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind'. So in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 170:—

*As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.*

Malone proposed and withdrew 'makes mine eye untrue'. Collier, 'maketh my eyne untrue'; Lett-fom, 'mak'th mine eye untrue'.

CXIV. Continues the subject treated in CXIII., and

inquires why and how it is that his eye gives a false report of objects.

5. *Indigest*, chaotic, formless. As in 2 *King Henry VI.*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 157; 'indigested lump'. So 3 *King Henry VI.*, Act v. sc. 6, l. 51.

9. Compare *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 5, l. 328 :—

*I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.*

11. *What with his gust is 'greeing*, what is pleasing to his (the eye's) taste; 'gree'; to agree.

13, 14. 'The allusion here is to the tafters to princes. So, in *King John* :—

"who did taste to him?"

HUB. *A monk whose bowels suddenly burst out*".

STEEVENS.

CXV. Shakspere now desires to show that love has grown through error and seeming estrangement.

4. *My flame*. So in CIX. l. 2, 'absence seemed my flame to qualify'.

11, 12. *Certain o'er uncertainty, crowning the present*: So Sonnet CVII. 7 :—

Incertainties now crown themselves assured.

CXVI. Admits his wanderings, but love is fixed above all the errors and trials of man and man's life.

2. *Impediments* (to the marriage of true minds). So *Form of Solemnization of Matrimony*: 'If any of you know cause or just impediment, etc.'.

2, 3. *Love is not love, etc.* So *King Lear*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 241 :—

*Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Alooft from the entire point.*

5, 6. *An ever-fixed mark, etc.* So *Coriolanus*,  
Act v. sc. 3, l. 74:—

*Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw.*

7. *It is the star, etc.* ‘Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined’.—F. T. PALGRAVE. Schmidt explains *unknown* here as *inexpressible, incalculable, immense*. The passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies. This interpretation is confirmed by the next Sonnet (cxvii.) in which the simile of sailing at sea is introduced; Shakspere there confesses his wanderings, and adds as his apology

*I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love—*

*constancy*, the guiding fixedness of love; *virtue*, the ‘unknown worth’. Sidney Walker proposed ‘whose north’s unknown’, explaining ‘As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of “north”? *Judicent rei astronomiae periti.*’ Dr. Ingleby (*The Soule Arayed*,

1872, pp. 5, 6, *note*) after quoting in connexion with this passage the lines in which Cæsar speaks of himself (*Julius Cæsar*, III. 1) as ‘constant as the northern star’, writes: ‘Here human virtue is figured under the ‘true-fix’d and resting quality’ of the northern star. Surely, then, the “worth” spoken of must be *constancy* or *fixedness*. The sailor must know that the star has this worth, or his latitude would not depend on its altitude. Just so without the knowledge of this worth in love, a man “hoists sail to all the winds”, and is “frequent with unknown minds”.’

*Height*, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers, in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, *altitude* (of the star) and *value* (of love), ‘love whose worth is unknown however it may be valued’.

9. *Time's fool*, the sport or mockery of Time. So in *King Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 4, l. 81:—

*But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool.*

11. *His brief hours*, i.e. Time's brief hours.

12. *Bears it out even to the edge of doom*. So *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iii. sc. 3, ll. 5, 6:—

*We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard.*

CXVII. Continues the confession of his wanderings from his friend; but asserts that it was only to try his friend's constancy in love.

5. *Frequent*, conversant, intimate.

*With unknown minds*, persons who may not be known, or obscure persons.

6. *Given to time*; given to society, to the world; see note on Sonnet LXX. l. 6. Or, given away to temporary occasion what is your property and therefore an heirloom for eternity. Staunton proposes 'given to them'.

11. *Level*, the direction in which a missive weapon is aimed; as in *A Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 6.

CXVIII. Continues the subject; adding that he had sought strange loves, only to quicken his appetite for the love that is true.

2. *Eager*, sour, tart, poignant. *Aigre* Fr., as in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 5, l. 69.

9. *Policy*, prudent management of affairs.

12. *Rank*, 'sick (of hypertrophy).'-SCHMIDT. So 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 1, l. 64:—

*To diet rank minds sick of happiness.*

CXIX. In close connexion with the preceding sonnet; showing the gains of ill, that strange loves have made the true love more strong and dear.

2. *Limbecks*, alembics, stills. *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 7, l. 67.

4. Either, losing in the very moment of victory, or gaining victories (of other loves than those of his friend) which were indeed but losses.

7. *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted*, etc., how have mine eyes started from their

hollows in the fever-fits of my disease. Compare *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 5, l. 17 :—

*Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.*  
Lettifom would read ‘been flicted’.

11. *Ruined love . . . built anew.* Note the introduction of the metaphor of rebuilt love, reappearing in later sonnets. Compare *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 4 :—

*Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous,*  
and *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. 2, ll. 29, 30.

14. *Ills.* So the Quarto ; altered by Malone and other editors, perhaps rightly (see l. 9) to *ill.*

CXX. Continues the apology for wanderings in love ; not Shakspere alone has so erred, but also his friend.

3. I must needs be overwhelmed by the wrong I have done to you, knowing how I myself suffered, when you were the offender.

6. *A hell of time.* So in *Othello*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 169, 170 :—

*But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes yet doubts, suspicſt, yet strongly loves,*  
and *Lucrece*, ll. 1286, 1287.

9. *Our night.* Staunton proposes ‘four night’. Remember’d, reminded, an active verb governing sense in l. 10. So *The Tempest*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 243.

11. *And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd.* ‘Surely the sense requires that we should point,—

*And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd'.*

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Staunton proposes—

*And shame to you—as you to me then—tender'd.*

12. *Salve.* Compare Sonnet xxxiv. l. 7.

CXXI. Though admitting his wanderings from his friend's love (cxviii.-cxx.), Shakspere refuses to admit the scandalous charges of unfriendly censors.

Dr. Burgersdijk regards the sonnet as a defence of the stage against Puritans.

2. *Not to be*, i.e. not to be vile.

3, 4. And the legitimate pleasure lost, which is deemed vile, not by us who experience it but by others who look on and condemn.

6. *Give salutation to my sportive blood.* Compare *King Henry VIII.*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 103 :—

*Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot.*

8. *In their wills*, according to their pleasure.

9. *No, I am that I am.* Compare *Othello*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 65, ‘I am not what I am’.

11. *Bevel*, ‘i.e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners’.—STEEVENS.

CXXII. An apology for having parted with tables (memorandum-book), the gift of his friend.

1, 2. So in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 5, ll. 98-103 :—

*Yea, from the table of my memory, etc.*

So also *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. sc. 7, ll. 3, 4.

3. *That idle rank*, that poor dignity (of tables written upon with pen or pencil).

9. *That poor retention*, that poor means of retaining impressions, i.e. the tables given by his friend.

10. *Tallies*, sticks on which notches and scores are cut to keep accounts by. So 2 *King Henry VI.*, Act iv. sc. 7, l. 39.

CXXIII. In the last sonnet Shakspere boasts of his 'lasting memory' as the recorder of love; he now declares that the registers and records of Time are false, but Time shall impose no cheat upon his memory or heart.

2. *Thy pyramids*. I think this is metaphorical; all that Time piles up from day to day, all his new stupendous erections are really but 'dressings of a former fight'. Is there a reference to the new love, the 'ruined love built anew' (Sonnet cxix.), between the two friends? The same metaphor appears in the next Sonnet (cxxiv.) 'No, it [his love] was builded far from accident', and again in cxxv. 'Laid great bases for eternity etc.'. Does Shakspere mean here that this new love is really the same with the old love; he will recognize the identity of new and old, and not wonder at either the past or present?

5. *Admire, wonder at*, as in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. 4, l. 165.

7. *And rather make them*. 'Them' refers to 'what thou dost foist etc.'; we choose rather to think such things new, and specially created for our satisfaction, than, as they really are, old things of which we have already heard.

CXXIV. Continues the thought of cxxiii. 13, 14. The writer's love being unconnected with motives of self-interest, is independent of Fortune and Time.

1. *The child of state*, born of place and power and pomp.

4. *Weeds, etc.* My love might be subject to Time's hate and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to Time's love, and so gathered as a flower.

7, 8. When time puts us, who have been in favour, out of fashion.

9. *Policy, that heretic*, the prudence of self-interest, which is faithless in love. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 95. Romeo, speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved:—

*Transparent heretics be burnt for liars.*

11. *Hugely politic*, love itself is infinitely prudent, prudent for eternity.

12. *That it nor grows.* Steevens proposes *glows*.

13, 14. Does this mean, 'I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves (fools of time = sports of time. See cxvi. 9), whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime'?

CXXV. In connexion with Sonnet cxxiv.; there Shakspere asserted that his love was not subject to time, as friendships founded on self-interest are; here he asserts that it is not founded on beauty of person, and therefore cannot pass away with the decay of such beauty. It is pure love for love.

1. *Bore the canopy*, i.e. rendered outward homage as one renders who bears a canopy over a superior.

King James I. made his progress through London 1603-4, under a canopy. In the account of the King and Queen's entertainment at Oxford 1605, we read: 'From thence was carried over the King and Queen a fair canopy of crimson taffety by six of the Canons of the Church'.—Nichol's *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. p. 546.

2. *The outward*. Cf. Sonnet LXIX., 1-5. Staunton proposes 'thy outward', or 'thee outward'.

3. *Or laid, etc.* The love of the earlier sonnets, which celebrated the beauty of Shakspere's friend, was to last for ever, and yet it has been ruined.

5. *Favour*, outward appearance, as in Sonnet CXIII. 10.

6. *Lose all and more*, cease to love and through satiety even grow to dislike.

9. *Obsequious*, zealous, devoted, as in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 2.

11. *Mix'd with seconds*, mixed with baser matter. 'I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, [an offering of fine flour] unmixed with baser matter is all that he meant to say'.—STEEVENS.

13. *Suborn'd informer*. Does this refer to an actual person, one of the spies of Sonnet CXXI. 7, 8? Or is the 'informer' Jealousy, or Suspicion? as in *Venus & Adonis*, l. 655:—

*This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, contentious jealousy.*

CXXVI. This is the concluding poem of the series addressed to Shakspere's friend; it consists of six rhymed couplets. In the Quarto parentheses follow the twelfth line thus:—

( )  
( )

as if to show that two lines are wanting. But there is no good reason for supposing that the poem is defective. In William Smith's 'Chloris', 1596, a 'sonnet' (No. xxvii.) of this six-couplet form appears.

2. *Sickle, hour.* Lintott reads ‘fickle hour’; S. Walker conjectures ‘sickle-hour’; Capell in his copy of Lintott’s edition has corrected “hower” to “hoar” leaving “fickle”. Doubtless he intended to read “sickle hoar”. —CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

12. *Quietus*. As in Hamlet's soliloquy, Act III. sc. i, l. 75, 'This is the technical term for the acquittance which every sheriff [or accountant] receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. Compare Webster, *Duchess of Malfi* [i. i., vol. i. p. 198, *Works*, ed. Dyce]:—'And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your *Quietus est*'.—STEEVENS.

*To render thee, to yield thee up, surrender thee.*  
When Nature is called to a reckoning (by Time?)  
she obtains her acquittance upon surrendering thee,  
her chief treasure.

CXXVII. The sonnets addressed to his lady begin here. Steevens called attention to the fact that 'almost all that is said here on the subject of com-

plexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 250-265.

*O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,  
It mourns that painting and usurping hair  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
And therefore is she born to make black fair'.*

Compare Sonnet 7 of 'Astrophel and Stella'.

3. *Successive heir*, heir by order of succession, as in *2 King Henry VI.*, Act iii. sc. 1, l. 49.

7. *No holy bower*. Malone reads 'no holy hour'.

10. *Suited, clad*.

*And they*. Dyce reads 'as they'. Walker proposes instead of 'my mistrefs' eyes' in this line 'my mistrefs' hairs'. The editors of the Globe Shakespeare read 'My mistrefs' brows'. Staunton, 'eyes' l. 9, 'brows' l. 10.

12. *Slandering creation, etc.*, dishonoring nature with a spurious reputation.

13. *Becoming of*, gracing, so 'fearing of' Sonnet cxv. l. 9, 'licking of' *Venus & Adonis*, l. 915.

### CXXVIII.

5. *Envy*. The accent is on the last syllable. Compare *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii. sc. 4, l. 44 (of fingers on a lute):—

*And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.*

*Jacks, keys of the virginal.*

11. *Thy fingers*. The Quarto has 'their fingers'.

### CXXIX.

1. *Expense*, expenditure.

9. *Mad.* The Quarto has ‘made’.  
 11. *Proved a very woe.* The Quarto has ‘proud  
 and very wo’.

CXXX. For the Sonneteer’s conventional praise of beauty, cf. Spenser, *Amoretti*, 9, 15; Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, 9; and Lodge, *Phillis*, 8, with reference to which H. Isaac supposes this Sonnet to have been written.

2. *Lips’ red.* The Quarto has ‘lips red’.

CXXXI. Connected with Sonnet cxxx.; praise of his lady, black but, to her lover, beautiful.

3. *Dear doting.* Dyce reads ‘dear-doting’.

14. *This flander.* The flander that her face has not the power to make love groan.

CXXXII. Connected with Sonnet cxxxI.; there Shakspere complains of the cruelty and tyranny of his lady; here the same subject is continued and a plea made for her pity.

2. *Knowing thy heart torments me.* The Quarto has ‘heart torment’, and Malone reads ‘Knowing thy heart, torment’. The correction ‘torments’ was made in ed. 1640.

5. Cf. Sonnet cxxx. 1; after all, her eyes are like sun and stars in a dim sky (her black brows and hair).

9. *Mourning.* The Quarto has ‘morning’, and probably a play was intended on the words ‘morning sun’ and ‘mourning eyes’. This line has a ring like that of *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. sc. 5, l. 32:—

*What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face.*

12. *Suit*, clothe, array.

CXXXIII. Here Shakspere's heart 'groans' (fee cxxxii.) for the suffering of his friend as well as his own.

8. *Croff'd*. See Sonnet xxxiv. 12, and xlii. 12.

CXXXIV. In close connexion with Sonnet cxxxiii.

3. *That other mine*, my *alter ego*.

5. *Wilt not*, wilt not restore him.

9. *Statute*. 'Statute has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money'. —MALONE.

11. *A friend came, etc.*, a friend who became, etc.

CXXXV. Perhaps suggested by the second line of the last sonnet, 'I myself am mortgaged to thy will'.

1. *Will*. In this Sonnet, in the next, and in Sonnet cxliii. the Quarto marks by italics and capital W the play on words, Will=William [Shakspere], Will=William, the Christian name of Shakspere's friend [? Mr. W. H.] and Will=desire, volition. Here 'Will in overplus' means Will Shakspere, as the next line shows, 'more than enough am I'. The first 'Will' means *desire*; (but as we know that his lady had a husband, it is possible that he also may have been a 'Will', and that the first 'Will' here may refer to him besides meaning 'desire'); the second 'Will' is Shakspere's friend.

'In Shakespeare's time quibbles of this kind were

common. Compare the following in the Booke of Merry Riddles, ed. 1617 :—

THE LI RIDDLE.

*My love's will  
I am content for to fulfill,  
Within this rime his name is framed,  
Tell me then how he is named.*

[‘Will I am’ (in lines 1, 2) = William.]’—HALLIWELL.

9. Compare *Twelfth Night*, A& II. sc. 4, l. 103, and A& I. sc. 1, l. 11, ‘Thy [love's] capacity receiveth as the sea.’

15. *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill.* If this be the true reading, we must take ‘unkind’ as a substantive, meaning ‘unkind one’ (*i.e.* his lady). So in Daniel’s ‘Delia’, Sonnet II. :—

· *And tell th’ Unkind how dearly I have loved her.*

Possibly ‘no fair’ may mean ‘no fair one’, as often in Daniel. But perhaps the line ought to be printed thus :—

*Let no unkind ‘No’ fair beseechers kill,*  
*i.e. let no unkind refusal kill fair beseechers.*

Mr. W. M. Rossetti proposes ‘skill’, meaning avail, profit, for ‘kill’.

CXXXVI. Continues the play on words of Sonnet CXXXV.

6. *Ay fill.* The Quarto has ‘*I fill*’, ‘I’ being the usual way of printing our ‘*Ay*’ at the time; but possibly there may here (as often elsewhere in Shakspere) be a play on the words ‘*I*=ay, yes, and ‘*I*=myself.

9. See note on Sonnet viii. ll. 13, 14.

10. *Store's*. The Quarto has 'stores'; the Cambridge editors follow Malone in reading '*flores*'; Schmidt says of *Store*; 'used only in the sing.; therefore in Sonnet cxxxvi. 10, *store's* not *flores*'. Lines 9, 10 mean 'You need not count me when merely counting the *number* of those who hold you dear, but when estimating the *worth* of your possessions, you must have regard to me'. 'To set *store* by a thing or person' is a phrase connected with the meaning of 'store' in this passage.

12. *Something sweet*. Sidney Walker proposed and Dyce reads 'fomething, sweet'.

13, 14. Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, i.e. all desire.

CXXXVII. In cxxxvi. he has prayed his lady to receive him in the blindnes of love; he now shows how Love has dealt with his own eyes.

6. *Anchor'd*. The same metaphor is found in *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act i. sc. 5, l. 33.

9, 10. *Several plot, etc.* So *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act ii. sc. 1, l. 223:—

*My lips are no common though several they be.*

'Fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals*'.—HALLIWELL.

CXXXVIII. Connected with cxxxvii. The frauds practised by blind love, and the blinded lovers, Shakspere and his lady, who yet must strive to blind themselves. This sonnet appeared as the first poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) in the following form :—

*When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgaries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young ?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told,  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.*

11. Habit, bearing, deportment, or garb.

CXXXIX. Probably connected with cxxxviii. ; goes on to speak of his lady's untruthfulness ; he may try to believe her professions of truth, but do not ask him to justify the wrong she lays upon his heart.

CXL. In connexion with Sonnet cxxxix. ; his lady's 'glancing aside' of that sonnet (l. 6) reappears here, l. 14 'Bear thine eyes straight'. He complains of her excess of cruelty.

6. *To tell me so*, 'to tell me thou *dost* love me'.  
—MALONE.

14. *Bear thine eyes straight, etc.* ‘That is (as it is expressed in a former sonnet),

*Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place*’.

MALONE.

CXLI. In connexion with CXL.; the ‘proud heart’ of l. 14 of that sonnet reappears here l. 12. His foolish heart loves her, and her proud heart punishes his folly by cruelty and tyranny. Compare with this sonnet, Drayton, *Idea*, 29.

5. *Tongue’s tune.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 431. ‘Heavenly tune harfh-sounding’; so too ‘the tune of Imogen’.

9. *Five wits.* ‘From Stephen Hawes’s poem called *Graunde Amoure [and La Belle Pucel]*, ch. xxiv. edition 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were “common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation [*i.e.* judgment] and memory”. *Wit* in our author’s time was the general term for the intellectual power. —MALONE’.—DYCE’s *Glossary to Shakespeare*, p. 507.

11, 12. My heart ceaseth to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart.

14. *Pain.* ‘*Pain* in its old etymological sense of *punishment*.—W. S. WALKER.

CXLII. In connexion with CXLI.; the first line takes up the word ‘sin’ from the last line of that sonnet. ‘Those whom thine eyes woo’ (l. 10) carries on the complaint of CXXXIX. 6, and CXL. 14.

6. Scarlet ornaments. So in *King Edward III.*,  
(printed 1596) Act II. sc. 1, l. 10:—

*His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments.*

This line occurs in the part of the play attributed by several critics to Shakspere.

7. *Seal'd false bonds of love*, given false kisses.  
So in *Venus & Adonis*, l. 511:—

*Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?*

Again in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. 1, ll. 5, 6; and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. 6, ll. 5, 6.—MALONE.

8. *Robb'd others' beds' revenues*. The Quarto has ‘beds revenues’. Sewell (ed. 1) reads ‘beds, revenues’. Capell ms. has ‘bed-revenues’.

13, 14. *If thou dost seek to have, etc.* If you seek to possess love, and will show none, you may be denied on the precedent of your own example. Staunton proposes ‘chide’ in place of ‘hide’.

CXLIII. Perhaps the last two lines of Sonnet CXLII. suggest this. In that sonnet Shakspere says ‘If you shew no kindness, you can expect none from those you love’; here he says ‘If you shew kindness to me, I shall wish you success in your pursuit of him you seek’.

4. *Pursuit*. For examples of this pronunciation of *pursuit* and *pursue* see W. S. Walker’s *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, vol. iii. pp. 366, 367.

8. *Not prizing*, making no account of.—SCHMIDT.

13. *Will*. Possibly, as Steevens takes it, Will Shakspere; but it seems as likely, or perhaps more likely, to be Shakspere's friend 'Will' [? W. H.]. The last two lines promise that Shakspere will pray for her success in the chase of the fugitive (Will?), on condition that, if successful, she will turn back to him, Shakspere, her babe.

CXLIV. This sonnet appears as the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with the following variations: l. 2, 'That like'; l. 3, 'My better angel'; l. 4, 'My worser spirit'; l. 6, 'From my side'; l. 8, 'fair pride'; l. 11, 'For being both to me'; l. 13, 'The truth I shall not know'. Compare with this sonnet the twentieth of Drayton's *Idea* :—

*An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still,  
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill;  
Thus am I still provoked to every evil  
By that good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.*

2. *Suggeſt*, tempt, as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. sc. 1, l. 34.

6. *From my side*. The Quarto has 'from my fight'. *The Passionate Pilgrim* supplies the correction.

11. *From me*, away from me.

14. Compare 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 365 :—

PRINCE. *For the women?*

FALSTAFF. *For one of them, she is in hell already,  
and burns poor souls.*

CXLV. The only sonnet written in eight-syllable verses. Some critics, with no sufficient reason, reject it, as not by Shakspere.

13, 14. Steevens proposes ‘away from hate she flew’, and explains the meaning thus: ‘having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour’. Malone writes: ‘The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from hatred. . . . We have the same kind of expression in *The Rape of Lucrece* (ll. 1534-1537) :—

“*It cannot be*”, quoth she, “*that so much guile*”—  
*She would have said “can lurk in such a look”;*  
*But Tarquin’s shape came in her mind the while,*  
*And from her tongue “can lurk” from “cannot”*  
*took’.*

Malone’s explanation is probably the right one; it is however possible that the meaning may be from hatred to such words as ‘I hate’, ‘she threw them away’.

#### CXLVI.

1. *Centre of my sinful earth.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II. sc. 1, ll. 1, 2 :—

*Can I go forward when my heart is here?*  
*Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.*

2. [Pref'd by] *these rebel powers that thee array.*  
 The Quarto has, ‘My sinful earth these rebel, etc.’

but the line is manifestly corrupt. Probably, as Malone suggests, the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables. Malone proposed ‘*Fool’d by those rebel, etc.*’ Steevens, ‘*Starv’d by the rebel, etc.*’ Dyce, ‘*Fool’d by these rebel, etc.*’ F. T. Palgrave, ‘*Foil’d by these rebel, etc.*’ Furnivall, ‘*Hemm’d with these rebel, etc.*’ Bullock, ‘*My fins these rebel, etc.*’ An anonymous writer, ‘*Thrall to these rebel*’. Cartwright, ‘*Slave of these rebel, etc.*’ Gerald Massey, ‘*My sinful earth these rebel powers array*’. What is the meaning of ‘array’? Does it mean to put raiment on? So Malone seems to understand it. “‘Array’ here”, says Gerald Massey, ‘does not only mean dress, I think it also signifies that in the flesh these rebel powers set their battle in array against the soul’. — Shakspere’s *Sonnets never before interpreted*: 1866, p. 379. Dr. Ingleby, in his pamphlet, ‘*The Soule Arayed*’, 1872, endeavours to show that ‘array’ here means *abuse, afflict, ill-treat*. There is no doubt the word ‘aray’ or ‘array’ was used in this sense by Elizabethan writers, and Shakspere, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, III. 2, and IV. 1, uses ‘raied’, though nowhere ‘array’, except perhaps here, in this or a kindred sense. Taking ‘aray’ to mean ‘afflict’, Dr. Ingleby accepts Mr. A. E. Brae’s suggestion ‘*Leagu’d with these rebel, etc.*’ ‘It is’, he writes, ‘the earth that is in league with the rebel powers, and the earth itself is therefore called “sinful”. Here we have the flesh, and

its resident lusts, represented as leagued or compacted in the work of defrauding the soul of her rightful nutriment, whereby she "pines and suffers dearth" (*The Soule Arayed*, p. 15). In support of the general opinion that 'array' means invest in raiment, compare *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 64 :—

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

The 'rebel powers' and the 'outward walls' perhaps receive some illustration from the following lines, *Lucrece*, ll. 722-728 :—

*She says her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and pain perpetual.*

I, with much hesitation, propose *Preff'd by*. Compare 'o'er-preff'd defence', CXXXIX. 8.

10. *To aggravate thy store.* 'Malone says that the original copy and all the subsequent impressions read "my" instead of "thy". The copies of the edition of 1609 in the Bodleian, one of which belonged to Malone himself, in the Bridgewater Library, and in the Capell collection as well as Steevens's reprint, have "thy".' — CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

*Aggravate*, increase.

11. *Terms.* ‘*Terms* in the legal, and academic sense. Long periods of time, opposed to hours’.—W. S. WALKER.

CXLVII. In connexion with cxlv. ; in that sonnet the writer exhorts the soul to feed and let the body pine, ‘within be fed’, ‘so shalt thou feed on Death’; here he tells what the food of his soul actually is—the unwholesome food of a sickly appetite. Compare Drayton, *Idea*, 41, ‘Love’s Lunacie’.

5. *My reason, the physician to my love.* Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 5: ‘Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician [so Farmer and most editors; *precisian* Folio], he admits him not for his counsellor’.

7, 8. *I desperate now approve Desire, etc.* The Quarto has a comma after approve, which Malone retains. But the meaning is ‘I, who am desperate, now experience that desire which did object (“except” = object) to physic, is death’.

9. *Past cure, etc.* ‘So Love’s Labour’s Loft, Act v. sc. 2, l. 28 :—

*Great reason; for past cure is still past care.*

It was a proverbial saying. See *Holland’s League*, a pamphlet published in 1632: “She has got the adage in her mouth; *Things past cure, past care*”—MALONE.

14. *Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.*

*So Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 254, 255  
(the King speaking of Rosaline):—

*Black is the badge of hell  
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night.*

CXLVIII. Suggested apparently by the last two lines of Sonnet cxlvii.: ‘I have thought thee bright who art dark’; ‘what eyes, then, hath love put in my head’?

4. *Censures*, judge, estimate, as in *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii. sc. 2, l. 16.

8. *Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no*, Walker writes, ‘Ought we not to affix a longer stop to *no*? Otherwise the flow seems not to be Shakespearean; compare the context’. Lettsom adds a note to Walker’s remark: ‘Ought we to stop here? Ought we not to expunge the colon before *no*, and write:—

*Love's eye is not so true as all men's no?*  
Shakspeare seems to intend a pun on *eye* and *I*, i.e. *ay*.

13. *O cunning Love!* Here, he is perhaps speaking of his mistress, but if so, he identifies her with ‘Love’, views her as Love personified, and so the capital *L* is right.

CXLIX. Connected with Sonnet cxlviii. as appears from the closing lines of the two sonnets.

2. *Partake*, take part. So in *King Henry vi.*, Act ii. sc. 4, l. 100, ‘Your *partaker* Pole’ i.e. partisan.

4. *All tyrant*, i.e. thou complete tyrant! Malone conjectures ‘All truant’.

CL. Perhaps connected with Sonnet CXLIX.; ‘worship thy defect’ in that sonnet (l. 11), may have suggested ‘with insufficiency my heart to fway’ in this.

2. *With insufficiency, etc.*, to rule my heart by defects.

5. *This becoming of things ill*. So *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 243:—

*Vilest things  
Become themselves in her.*

7. *Warrantise of skill*, surety or pledge of sagacity and power.

CLL.

3. *Then, gentle cheater*. Staunton writes “‘Cheater’ here signifies *eschewer*, an official who appears to have been regarded by the common people in Shakespeare’s day much the same as they now look upon an informer’. The more obvious meaning ‘rogue’ makes better sense.

10. *Triumphant prize*, triumphal prize, the prize of his triumph. Walker cites Lord Brooke, *Alaham* v. 1, l. 8, ‘this triumphant robe’, *this robe in which I triumph*.

CLII. Carries on the thought of the last sonnet; she cannot justly complain of his faults since she herself is as guilty or even more guilty.

11. *To enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness*, to see thee in the brightness of imagination I gave away my eyes to blindness, made myself blind.

13. *More perjur'd I*. The Quarto has ‘more perjurde eye’; corrected by Sewell.

CLIII. Malone writes ‘This and the following sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world’.

Herr Hertzberg (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft* 1878, pp. 158-162) has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. He writes: ‘Dann ging ich an die palatinische Anthologie und fand daßelbst nach langem Suchen im ix. Buche (‘Επιδεικτικά) unter N. 637 die ersehnte Quelle. . . . Es lautet:—

Τῷοῦ ὥπο τὰς πλατάνους ἀπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὑπνῳ  
εῦδεν Ἐρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.  
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησσι, ‘τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δὲ τούτῳ  
σβέσσαμεν,’ εἶπον, ‘ὅμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερό-  
πων.’  
Λαμπάς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν  
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λοντροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ.<sup>1</sup>

The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. The

<sup>1</sup> *Epigrammata* (Jacob) ix. 65.

germ of the poem is found in an Epigram by Zenodotus :—

Tίς γλύψας τὸν Ἐρωτα παρὰ κρήνησιν ἔθηκεν ;  
Οἴμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πῦρ ὕδατα.<sup>1</sup>

How Shakspere became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin : ‘Selecta Epigrammata, Basel 1529’, and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.

I add literal translations of the epigrams : ‘Here ’neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, “Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals’ heart!” But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros<sup>2</sup>) draw from thence for their bath’.

‘Who was the man that carved [the statue of] Love, and set it by the fountains, thinking to quench this fire with water?’

In Surrey’s ‘*Complaint of the Lover Disdained*’ (Aldine ed. p. 12), we read of a hot and a cold well of love. Shenstone (Works, ed. 1777, vol. i. p. 144) versifies anew the theme of this and the following sonnet in his ‘Anacreontic’. Hermar

<sup>1</sup> *Epigrammata* i. 57.

<sup>2</sup> See Hertzberg, *Sk. Jahrbuch*, p. 161.

Isaac suggests that the valley-fountain may signify marriage, but this will hardly agree with CLIV.  
12, 13.

6. *Dateless*, eternal, as in Sonnet XXX. l. 6.

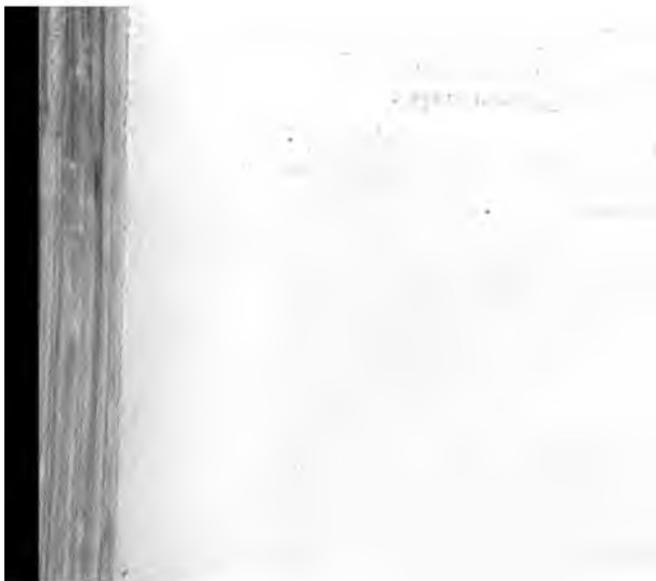
*Lively*, living.

11. *Bath*. Steevens supposes this a proper name, the place Bath. The Quarto has 'bath'.

14. *Eyes*. The Quarto has 'eye'.

CLIV. A variation on the theme of Sonnet CLIII.

13. *This by that I prove*, this statement which follows (in l. 14).





12

13

14





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